THE Nation

VOLUME 148 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • FEBRUARY 25, 1939 NUMBER 9

CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 217

EDITORIALS:

POGROM ECONOMICS 219
JAPAN AND RUSSIA 220
SAME OLD STORY 221

HOMAGE TO BRANDEIS by Max Lerner 222

IT'S HELL TO BE A CHICAGO LIBERAL by Milton S. Mayer 223

"GREATER UKRAINIA" by Elizabeth Wiskemann 224

AMERICANS ON ENGLAND by Robert Dell 227

LIVING PHILOSOPHIES. X. PLEASURE BE YOUR GUIDE by Rebecca West 229

IN THE WIND 232

ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard 233

BOOKS AND THE ARTS:

THE CUTTING OF AN AGATE by Louise Bogan 234
UNROMANTIC SPAIN by Louis Kronenberger 235
CHINA AT WAR by T. A. Bisson 237
MEMOIRS OF MR. SMITH by Odell Shepard 238
NEWS INTO SATIRE by Philip Blair Rice 238
THE ARAB CASE by Albert Viton 239
THE PERMANENCE OF A PAINTER by Paul Rosenfeld 240
THE THREE CHAMBERLAINS by Arthur Rosenberg 241
A BOY'S BEST PAL by Dorothy Van Doren 242
GENERAL LAFAYETTE by Albert Guérard 242
DRAMA: UNPLEASANT PLAY by Joseph Wood Krutch 244
RECORDS by B. H. Haggin 245

Editor and Publisher
FREDA KIRCHWEY

Managing Editor ROBERT BENDINER
Literary Editor MARGARET MARSHALL

Associate Editors
KEITH HUTCHISON
MAXWELL S. STEWART I. F. STONE

Dramatic Critic
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Business Manager and Director of Circulation
HUGO VAN ARX

Advertising Manager
MURIEL C. GRAY

The Shape of Things

✶

THE END OF LOYALIST RESISTANCE SEEMS IN sight—and with it the end of the brief post-Munich respite. Only the question of terms remains. The struggle cannot go on much longer unless equipment is put in the hands of the Loyalist forces, and the pro-fascist Bonnet has made it clear to Del Vayo that neither France nor Britain will help the Spanish republic to obtain arms. Both governments want the war to end quickly, and they are less interested in the terms accorded the Loyalists than in the terms they can get themselves. They hope by facilitating a complete victory for Franco and by dangling financial aid in front of his nose to induce him to forget his quite obvious obligations to his more active partners, Germany and Italy. It looks like a futile as well as a shameful maneuver. But it is the logical last act of the non-intervention farce, and Bonnet, Chamberlain, and their supporting cast seem bound to play it through to its predestined end. They are being helped by the disloyal tactics of Azaña, whose insistence that the war must end has played directly into the hands of Franco and his assorted backers. Only the courage and tenacity of Del Vayo and Negrin and the spirit of the workers and soldiers in Loyalist territory have so far averted surrender, and recognition of Franco by Great Britain and France. The longer this is delayed, the better is the chance of tolerable terms of peace. Unconditional surrender will mean death or exile for all Loyalist leaders, not only government officials but army officers, heads of workers' organizations, and active leftists generally. Franco has refused any amnesty. Will Britain and France recognize him without conditions as a final heroic gesture of non-intervention?

✶

THE FACTS BEHIND THE AIRPLANE SALES TO France, and the preposterous fuss made over them, are now reasonably clear. The French wanted to buy a large number of planes, possibly as many as a thousand, in this country in order to offset Germany's superiority in the air. The French Air Mission found that there were only two types of plane manufactured here which could stand up to the fast German craft—the P-40 pursuit

Published weekly and copyright, 1939, in the U. S. A. by The Nation, Inc., 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 18, 1897, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1897.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

planes and the 7-B bombers. A certain group in the War Department wanted to prevent the French from obtaining the 7-B bombers on the ground that they were of an "experimental" and "secret" design. This group was overridden by the President with the approval of General Malin Craig, Chief of Staff, and Louis Johnson, Assistant Secretary of War. The full disclosures place the critics of the President in an anomalous position. They cannot very well object to the sale of American airplanes to France when large quantities have been sold to Germany and Japan. They certainly cannot maintain that the sale of first-class planes to France is in any sense a threat to American security. So they have attempted to blur the basic facts and issues by playing upon such words as "secret" and "foreign." It now appears that this unworthy attempt to drag partisan politics into matters of defense and foreign policy has met the defeat which it deserves.

✶

THE NEUTRALITY ACT WAS AN ATTEMPT TO legislate this country out of the danger of war, but its end results may prove to be the very opposite of those intended. In so far as it permits potential aggressors to believe their chances of success are enhanced by the inability of their victims to obtain supplies from America, the act encourages resort to war. Since it is generally agreed that the chance of our escaping involvement in a European war would be slight, it would be intelligent to throw our economic weight positively on the side of peace instead of using it negatively in a way that favors aggressors. The amendment introduced by Senator Thomas of Utah goes some way toward meeting objections to the act while endeavoring to allay the anxieties of those who hesitate to give the President the power to decide who is an aggressor. It proposes that whenever the President finds that a nation that is signatory to a treaty to which the United States is itself a party is engaged in war in violation of that treaty, he may, with the approval of both houses of Congress, exempt the second nation in whole or in part from the embargo provisions of the act. The existence of the Kellogg Pact enables this definition of aggression to cover a large field. Even so, its adequacy to meet either the practice of undeclared war or the fascist technique of using civil war as a cover for international war is open to question. Another difficulty arises from the fact that Congress is not in session during a considerable part of the year, which might well mean delay at a time when speedy action was vital. Such points obviously need clarification.

✶

THE MEMPHIS POWER AND LIGHT COMPANY rejected on January 20 a bid of $18,127,000 from the City of Memphis for purchase of its electric and gas properties. The company termed the offer "entirely out of line with the real value" but has now agreed to sell for $17,360,000—or $3,640,000 less than the $21,000,000 it originally demanded. The secret of the company's changed attitude does not lie in the recent Commonwealth and Southern deal to sell its Tennessee properties to the TVA. The terms of that sale, if anything, might have boosted the price. The secret of the company's surrender lies in the fact that the City of Memphis began to draw up its plans for the erection of a competing plant. The Memphis transaction, on the heels of the earlier TVA purchase, means that all utilities in Tennessee will now be under government ownership. It is not inappropriate at this time to note that the propaganda fed to the public by the power companies on the "boom" in capital expenditures by utilities to be expected as soon as the TVA made peace with Commonwealth and Southern was clever but fictitious. A story hidden away in the safe obscurity of the retail-business page of the New York *Times* for February 12 showed that capital expenditures by utility companies have followed the same curve as business in general, apparently little affected by the hobgoblin of government competition. The utilities spent $965,000,000 in 1930. This fell to $130,000,000 by 1933, rose to $470,000,000 in 1937, and shaded off to $450,000,000 last year. "From the utility agreement," C. F. Hughes wrote in his column "The Merchant's Point of View" on that page, "there is no immediate basis seen for that expansion of plant and equipment that was predicted by some utility leaders as bait for decisions in their favor."

✶

HOLLYWOOD SPENT A MILLION DOLLARS TO prove that Movies Are Your Best Entertainment, but the drive could not counteract the evidence to the contrary which daily flooded the screen. Last week the industry's self-satisfaction received another jolt when the Supreme Court upheld a decision of a lower court against eight motion-picture distributors, all affiliated with the Hollywood film trust, and two theater chains in Texas and New Mexico. The distributors had forced independent theater owners to sign pacts stipulating that "Class A" pictures might not be shown on double-feature programs and might never appear in second-run theaters charging less than 25 cents admission. This arrangement confronted independents with the alternatives of raising prices or accepting a steady diet of Class B atrocities; either alternative was likely to mean their extinction. That fate has, in fact, befallen independents throughout the country, and with their disappearance the last vestiges of competitive stimulus have vanished from the industry. In condemning the Texas contracts the high court has squarely challenged the monopolistic methods which are attacked on a national scale in the anti-trust suit which was brought against the eight big Hollywood companies last fall.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CATHOLIC MONARCHS HAVE IN THE PAST often sought to dictate or veto the choice of a new Pope. But the attempt of anti-Catholic Nazi Germany to influence the election of a successor to Pius XI outdoes anything we have seen before of Hitlerite impudence. The German envoy at the Vatican took advantage of his position as dean of the diplomatic corps to make his address of condolence before the College of Cardinals an invitation to extend the Rome-Berlin axis into the Vatican. After paying unctuous tribute to the Pope who wrote the anti-Nazi encyclical "Mit Brennender Sorge" and objected to the exhibition of the swastika in Rome, the Nazi minister suggested that the cardinals name a Pope who would cooperate with the fascist states. The German spoke for the diplomatic corps. Did the French and British ministers know that this proposal to subject the Papacy to *Gleichschaltung* was to be made? If they did and kept silent, their recall is in order. Otherwise their governments furnish new evidence of undercover cooperation with the axis powers.

*

ITALY AND GERMANY ARE GOING TO FIGHT the next war on Soviet oil, according to a long article which appeared recently in the financial section of the New York *Times*. Since the Soviet Union has an adequate gold supply, its sales of oil to the fascist powers can be "only for political and nationalistic reasons," and, the article adds, are "the direct result of the Munich agreement." Although the article is nearly three columns in length, there is a conspicuous absence of figures and concrete detail. The foundation for the entire story is to be found in the sentence: "In the agreement that Germany and Russia now are *reported* to be negotiating, it is *said* that it will provide for the exchange of Russian oil for manufactured goods [our italics]." The fact is that, according to regular news reports, negotiations for continuing the existing Soviet-German trade agreement for another year are now going on. This agreement would provide for the sale of Soviet oil, the amount being indicated in the 1938 trade figures just released. During the past year the Soviet Union stood a bad eighth among the countries supplying oil to Germany, furnishing less than one-seventeenth as much, in value, as the United States, which stood second. Soviet oil exports to the Reich were 73.9 per cent less in 1938 than in 1937, the drop being in line with the general decline in Soviet-German trade and the growing consumption of oil within Russia. A new trade agreement with Italy has already been signed for the coming year. Under this pact Italy is expected to double its purchases of Soviet goods. But Italy's total purchases of naphtha, manganese, lumber, coal, wheat, and other items, including oil, will be only $52,000,000, or less than one-twelfth of Italy's normal peace-time import requirements.

Pogrom Economics

IMMEDIATELY prior to his resignation as director of the Intergovernmental Committee on German Refugees, George Rublee brought back from Berlin a plan promulgated by the German government for the orderly migration of German Jews. Although less blatant than the earlier Schacht proposals, this plan cannot be held to indicate a change of heart; at best it represents a change of method. Nor can it be properly understood if it is viewed in isolation; its significance becomes clear only when it is seen in its relation both to the domestic position of the Reich and to the international situation.

That the Nazi government should now be willing to relax even in slight degree its anti-Semitic measures is proof of the failure of the November pogrom, except as an essay in pure sadism. It was intended to rally the German people to the regime; instead it evoked widespread disapproval and served to crystallize sentiment against the government rather than against the Jews.

Economically the pogrom resulted in a heavy adverse balance. The huge collective fine levied against the Jewish community was intended to replenish the government's cash reserves and offset part of the extraordinary expenditure caused by the September crisis. But it soon became clear that insistence on cash payments would involve a collapse of the security and real-estate markets. The authorities were therefore forced to accept a large proportion of the fine in the shape of stocks and deeds which can only be very slowly liquidated. Against the comparatively meager proceeds of the fine must be set the cost to German economy of the pogrom. After their orgy of burning, smashing, and looting the Nazis awoke to the fact that even if the property was Jewish its replacement would require a draft on precious raw materials. Further it soon became apparent that forced Aryanization of Jewish businesses inevitably resulted in loss of trade connections and dislocation of production—a serious matter when capacity was already strained to the bursting-point. Worst of all, the pogrom led to an intensification of the boycott. January trade returns are alarming for the Nazis: exports have fallen 12½ per cent, forcing an even greater fall in vital imports.

From the diplomatic point of view, also, the November outrages proved a serious mistake. They aroused anti-Nazi feeling in this country to a new pitch of intensity and caused a semi-rupture of relations. In Britain they had an unmistakable effect in arousing public opinion, gave a definite setback to Chamberlain's appeasement policy, and upset the propaganda of the "fifth column" which was urging that Nazis were perfectly nice people if tactfully handled. There can be little doubt that the new plan for emigration with its collateral relaxation of anti-Semitic regulations is intended to reestablish the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

confidence of these friends. By suggesting that Hitler is capable of "reasonable compromises" it is hoped to strengthen believers in appeasement and pave the way for another "contest of nerves" designed to win new bloodless victories for the axis.

Of course the refugee plan can be described as "reasonable" only when considered against its background of terror and blackmail. As the New York *Times* has well said, it represents "a policy of reluctant and unreal conciliation which goes no farther than to 'relax' temporarily decrees that are inherently vicious." Moreover, the plan is merely a statement of what the Reich is willing to do. The Berlin government refuses to put it in the form of an agreement—either with the Evian committee, which it does not recognize officially, or with any other state—and thus provide the doubtful guaranty of Germany's signature.

In the new plan the element of blackmail is not as obtrusive as in the Schacht scheme, but it is still present. It is proposed to establish a trust fund, under Nazi control, equivalent to at least a fourth of the remaining Jewish wealth in Germany. This is to be used to finance the travel expenses of 150,000 Jewish workers, to be followed later by 250,000 dependents, and may also be drawn upon for the purchase of German goods which emigrants will take with them to help in their future settlement. This proposal, however, is seriously affected by two qualifications. If such goods contain imported raw materials, the value of those raw materials must be covered by free foreign exchange. Who is to provide this exchange? Presumably it must come from the international fund raised outside Germany to assist refugees. And since almost any manufactures of use to emigrants require such raw materials, the upshot will be a handsome indirect subsidy to the German government. Another difficulty is the suggestion that emigrants' goods be exempt from clearing arrangements with foreign countries. This means that they will form, in effect, "additional exports," and to gain this status importing countries must be induced to relax their tariff regulations.

One improvement in the proposals as compared with the present situation is that Jews are to be allowed again to earn a living, provided arrangements can be made so that they are segregated from "Aryan" workers. This generous gesture is perhaps best explained by the acute shortage of labor in Germany, which is leading to the reemployment of retired workers up to seventy. The Nazis also kindly offer to leave elderly Jews free from interference or persecution *"unless something extraordinary occurs."* In other words, these old people are regarded as hostages held in reserve against a time when a real or manufactured incident calls for a new "spontaneous" outbreak of Aryan indignation. If any proof is needed that the hyena has not changed his smell this amazing qualification will surely suffice.

Japan and Russia

IN WARNING the Soviet government that it is prepared to take "drastic action" unless the dispute over the fisheries is quickly settled, Japan has entered on a course that is wholly uncharted. The fisheries issue is the most crucial of the many questions that have arisen between the two countries in recent years. Hitherto the Soviet government never dared to refuse to grant fishery rights to the Japanese even though such grants were against Russia's interests. That Moscow now feels strong enough to limit these rights, despite the jingoistic character of the new Hiranuma Cabinet, may reflect a fundamental change in the Far Eastern balance of power.

Under the circumstances, the Japanese military leaders would seem little short of insane in preparing for a showdown with the Soviet Union. Things have not been going any too well for Japan in China in recent weeks. Guerrilla forces have been unusually effective in all sections of the country. The Japanese mopping-up offensive against the bases of the Eighth Route Army in Shansi appears to have been a costly failure. South of Hankow Chinese regulars have staged a counter-offensive which has carried them to the gates of Yochow. Against these unfavorable developments, Japan can claim only one important military victory since the capture of Hankow in October—the occupation of Hainan. And this is more a moral than a military triumph. Although Hainan is of undoubted strategic value to Japan in relation to French Indo-China and the Philippines, its worth in the present struggle is offset by the fact that Japan must maintain an important garrison there just when it desperately needs troops to hold the occupied areas in China.

If Japan is contemplating an attack on the Soviet Union this spring, there can be only two possible explanations for such apparent foolhardiness. One is that the extremists who are in power have become drunk with their unbroken chain of successes in bluffing the Western powers. This is not the first time that the Japanese militarists have senselessly challenged powers that were too strong for them. It is now fully evident that the incident involving the Soviet Union in the summer of 1937 and the attacks on the Ladybird and the Panay, to say nothing of the recent occupation of Hainan, were acts of deliberate provocation committed with a complete disregard of possible consequences. There is every indication that the Soviet Union is in no mood to be a subject for further experiments, but that does not mean that Japan, now more completely in the hands of extremists than ever before, may not attempt them.

A more likely explanation is that Japan is merely playing the role assigned to it by the master strategists who determine the policies of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis. The fascist tactics consist in keeping the world in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perpetual jitters over the danger of war. As the game goes on, stronger and stronger threats are necessary. At the moment the real push is directed against France. But as the Changkufeng incident was utilized to distract Soviet attention on the eve of Munich, so the present crisis seems to be intended to absorb the attention of France's ally in the crucial days that lie ahead.

That it is not merely a bluff is indicated, however, by reports that Japan has moved large numbers of its crack troops, badly needed in China, to the Soviet border. "Incidents" have become an almost daily occurrence. Should Japan make good its threat of sending a naval force to protect Japanese subjects illegally fishing in Soviet waters, the Soviets would undoubtedly take action to eject them, thus bringing about a crisis that might lead to war. From this distance it is difficult to believe that Japan would thus deliberately invite catastrophe. But observers recently in Japan have commented that the nation is in a mood to commit mass hari-kiri.

Same Old Story

> Their membership is so large and their resources are so vast as to make the question of responsible control and conservative management one of extreme difficulty; and their magnitude if permitted to grow unrestricted will soon become a serious menace to the community.

THE words are those of the Armstrong committee. The reference is to three insurance companies—the Mutual, the Equitable, and the New York Life. In 1906 the Armstrong committee, under the able direction of Charles Evans Hughes, made the most thorough investigation of the insurance business this country has even seen. At that time the three companies named were the largest in the field, with assets of approximately half a billion dollars each. Today the three largest companies —the Metropolitan, the Prudential, and the New York Life—have assets of $4,700,000,000, $3,500,000,000, and $2,500,000,000, respectively. Among them they control 41.3 per cent of the total assets of all life-insurance companies. The publicity that accompanied and the legislation that followed the Armstrong investigation proved as helpless as the stern gesture of Canute. The facts now being uncovered by the SEC-monopoly inquiry into insurance companies show the old evils still existing, many times magnified.

All the companies mentioned above are, with some slight and unimportant qualification as to the Prudential, "mutual" companies. Theoretically they are owned by their policy-holders. But the Armstrong committee reported in 1906:

> Notwithstanding their theoretical rights policy-holders have had little or no voice in the management. Intrenched behind proxies easily collected by subservient agents (and running for long periods, unless expressly revoked), the officers of these companies have occupied unassailable positions and have been able to exercise despotic power.

This finding is now being underlined by evidence before the monopoly inquiry showing how insurance directors use their positions to promote their outside business interests. To leave such power in the hands of self-perpetuating cliques is as unhealthy for the national economy as it is for the morals of those who wield it.

The Pujo "money-trust" investigation in 1914 found that "so-called control of the life-insurance companies by policy-holders through mutualization is a farce . . . its only result is to keep in office a self-constituted, self-perpetuating management." Nearly 90 per cent of the assets of all life-insurance companies are now controlled by "mutuals." Those who believe that the old devices of publicity and reform legislation suffice to deal with a major economic problem will be discouraged to learn from the insurance hearings now under way at Washington that the very conditions uncovered in 1906 and again in 1914 still continue. A parade of witnesses has told the members of the Temporary National Economic Committee, as the monopoly inquiry is officially known, that it is customary for insurance agents in many offices and in many cities to forge the names of policy-holders to the proxies sent out at election time.

The President in his message on the monopoly problem asked for an inquiry into the way in which our insurance companies exercise their vast power. For they control what is probably the greatest reservoir of capital in our economy. Our forty-nine leading legal-reserve life-insurance companies hold 22.95 per cent of all railroad bonds, 11 per cent of the federal debt, almost 10 per cent of all state, county, and municipal bonds, 22 per cent of all public-utility bonds, 15 per cent of the total industrial debt, 11 per cent of all farm mortgages, 14½ per cent of all urban mortgages. These figures make it clear that Chairman Douglas of the SEC, in opening the insurance hearings, was not being rhetorical when he said that inquiry into the insurance business "takes us from Wall Street to Main Street, from the capital markets and financial centers of the East into the farm lands of the West and South." We hope that the monopoly probers, in dealing with the problem, will not forget the experience of the past, will not forget that sensational revelations may make headlines but do not necessarily make reforms. So long as insurance executives can throw the weight of huge financial aggregations into the scales, they can nullify laws passed to regulate them, and buy, destroy, or bully into silence officials set up to control them. We think this is one field in which publicity and regulation have proved their futility. The evils of the insurance business will not be corrected until government takes it over and operates it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Homage to Brandeis

BY MAX LERNER

SINCE the World War the American legal world has had three outstanding names. They are Holmes, Brandeis, Cardozo. Of the three Brandeis is the last to lay down his work. The other two had more in common than either of them had with Brandeis. The literary skill, the philosophic sweep, the contrived simplicity, the flashing phrase, the sententious epigram, the articulateness about the nature of the judicial process—these are not notable in Brandeis. His opinions are not great writing. They lack the personal imprint of greatness that stamps Brandeis's conversation, for example. Compare Brandeis at his civil-liberties best in the Rosika Schwimmer case, for example, with Holmes in the Abrams case; or Brandeis in any social-legislation opinion with Holmes in *Lochner* v. *New York*. Read Brandeis's great economic dissent in the Southwestern Bell Telephone case, and compare it—not in its economics but in its literary and intellectual impact—with Cardozo's dissent in the Jones case, under the SEC act.

Nevertheless, Brandeis's final effect on American law will probably be more substantial than was that of either of his colleagues. Historically he has led the phalanxes that have brought the economic emphasis into legal thought. And he has evolved in the process a usable judicial philosophy and a transmissible technique for generations of judges and lawyers to come. The philosophy is that individual rights and group claims are neither absolute nor unchanging, and that they must be weighed in terms of the need for checking and democratizing our corporate capitalism. The technique is to interpret the constitutional phrase and the legal doctrine as part of the living context of legislative history and economic fact out of which laws emerge. The philosophy has basic links with the whole tradition of American democracy since Jefferson. The technique is deeply rooted in our pragmatism and our hard-headed statistical bent. Together they have refertilized American law. "The Brandeis way," to use Professor Mason's phrase, "can be translated into action not only in the judicial realm but in the rest of the state as well."

For there are two great and abiding facts about Brandeis. The first is that he has always been more than a jurist. The second is that his thought flows out of action and is directed toward action. Alone among the Big Three of liberalism he had a notable non-judicial career before coming to the bench. That was why there was so great an outcry against his appointment in 1916, as there was to be against Black's appointment in 1937. He had laid his cards on the table. Brandeis was no radical, but it was clear that he would not abide by the fake rules of the game that the corporate financiers and the corporate lawyers had laid down. Hence State Street and Wall Street alternately groaned in agony and turned their eyes piously toward a heaven of professional legal ethics. Brandeis's sin was that he had beaten the corporation lawyers at their own game of amassing a fortune in legal practice and yet was devoting an increasing portion of his time to the service of the common people in measuring and fighting the giants of monopoly.

So great has his work as a judge been that we forget how great was his work as a lawyer. He transformed constitutional pleading through the "Brandeis brief." But he also transformed legal practice by becoming the symbol of a lawyer who does not have to lay his personal idealism and practical social sense on the shelf while he is out making money. Single-handed he waged a battle with J. P. Morgan's corporations over the New Haven Railroad and won. His 1907 testimony on New Haven finance is a *tour de force* of statistical reconstruction. His 1913 testimony before the Pujo committee, followed by his "Other People's Money," forms one of the classic analyses of American finance capitalism. On the Supreme Court Brandeis similarly geared his analysis to economic change and his directives to social action.

The theory underlying this social action has by this time often been stated. Brandeis is an individualist in his values without adhering to laissez faire, a collectivist in his program without adhering to the bureaucratic state. In striving to maintain this precarious balance his thought often becomes dizzying. Its strength lies in its being compounded of a belief in the life of reason, an ethical fervor, a concrete and massive knowledge, enormous social inventiveness, an insistence on our limiting ourselves to what is compassable.

But here, too, one may express doubts. Brandeis is against large administrative structures as he is against big corporations—because their size takes them out of the realm of the compassable. They don't work. The human mind cannot contain them. They become tyrannical. This explains Brandeis's opinion in the NRA case, which troubled many of his admirers; as it explains also his opposition to some of the recent New Deal trends. Yet the comic fact is that if we ever achieve a planned economy, Brandeis will be known as one of its forerunners. The crux of planning lies in the training of a body of officials and experts who give to public service the energy and devotion that are now given to business. If such a body is today growing up in Washington; if its type-member is a cross between the economist, the lawyer, and the engineer; if he combines an objective temper with an eye for action; if he is turning from a passive to an affirmative liberalism—then a large part of the credit must go to currents that Brandeis set in motion. But if such men are to occupy an increasingly influential place in public life, we need more Brandeises to give them leadership.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's Hell to Be a Chicago Liberal

BY MILTON S. MAYER

Chicago, February 15

THE Communist Party and Colonel Robert R. McCormick take great pleasure in presenting their candidate for Mayor of Chicago, the Honorable Edward J. Kelly. This, in case you're a stranger in town, is the same Kelly who had to pay $105,000 for forgetting to tell the United States Treasury about $450,000 of personal income between 1925 and 1928. It is also the same Kelly who forgot to tell the police not to shoot the steel strikers in the back on Memorial Day of 1937. Colonel McCormick is having his first experience as a fellow-traveler of the Communist Party.

The situation would be tragic if it were not so funny. And it gets funnier every day. In addition to the Communists and Colonel McCormick, Kelly has the support of the department stores, the utilities, the unions, the reactionaries, and the liberals. There has never been anything like it. The most effective and unrepenting corruptionist the town has ever seen will be renominated in the primary on February 28 and reelected in April.

The Democratic nomination in Chicago is tantamount to election. "Downstate" went Republican in the last Congressional election, but the Kelly machine saved Illinois for the New Deal. Our new New Deal Senator, Scott Lucas, has only been in Washington a month, but he has voted against the WPA appropriation and the Roberts confirmation. Now we're out to help Kelly save Illinois for the New Deal in 1940.

Since Chicago is a Democratic town, the only way the Republicans can run it is through the Democrats. New Deal Kelly is Colonel McCormick's man. New Deal Courtney, Kelly's opponent in the Democratic primary, is under the exclusive management of Colonel Frank Knox of the Chicago *Daily News*. The reason we liberals are supporting Kelly is that Courtney is even worse than Kelly. They are a couple of stock characters out of Tammany, crude, ignorant, and unentertaining, and nobody here has ever been able to discern any redeeming features in either one of them. Two years ago Knox realized that the only way to take the town away from McCormick was to split the Kelly-Nash machine. Courtney, who always was too big for his breeches, grabbed the bait, and the build-up began. The *News* discovered that Courtney wasn't as bad as the *News* had always said he was, that Kelly was really the nasty man in town, and, finally, that "Tom Dewey is the Courtney of New York."

We liberals didn't want any part of McCormick or Knox and we tried to get Harold Ickes to run. Ickes thought it over and decided that Roosevelt needed him in Washington. It is also possible that Roosevelt decided, about the same time, that he needed Kelly in Chicago. Hopkins, who outranks Ickes in the White House hierarchy, has always liked Kelly; Harry kind of goes for big, tough, professional politicians who call him by his first name. F. D. R. likes Kelly, too, not only because Ed will produce a Roosevelt delegation at the 1940 convention but also because Cardinal Mundelein, who was a New Dealer long before the New Deal, is supposed to be able to do a lot with Kelly.

Ickes hates Kelly, but he takes orders from Roosevelt, and PWA came through with a toy subway for Ed to run on in the current campaign. That left Kelly and Courtney, who has never even paid lip service to the New Deal; and we liberals had to take our choice. We knew Kelly wasn't going to reform. But we told ourselves that he was really a purposeless kind of sentimental Irishman who might turn out all right if he had some nice boys to play with.

We were hell-bent to stop Courtney, and well we might be. Courtney is purposeful, and his purposes are bad. Young, vigorous, and thoroughly reactionary, Courtney is just getting started and therefore more dangerous than Kelly. If Courtney knew what civil liberties were, he'd be against them. As state's attorney he never got around to prosecuting any of the municipal corruption he is now "exposing," possibly because his police force was too busy breaking strikes and unions. As mayor he would "reduce the cost of government by reducing taxes," but as state's attorney he never got around to reducing tax-fixing.

Aside from union-busting—which has united Labor's Nonpartisan League and the A. F. of L. against him—Courtney specializes in "gambling wars" on Kelly joints. For six months his police have been ax-raiding without warrants; exclusive photographs of these excursions into righteousness are printed in the *Daily News*, which deplores European fascism. Though Kelly hailed the South Chicago massacre as a victory for law and order, it was Courtney who discovered that the "rioters" were reds. If Honest Tom should be elected mayor of Chicago, he would produce an anti-Roosevelt delegation at the 1940 convention, and Colonel Knox would turn his hat around and be a Democrat.

So one by one we liberals lined up with McCormick and Kelly. It is well enough to talk about going down fighting and sticking to your principles, but Chicago lib-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erals learned a lesson from France and Spain. We joined the Popular Front. With the aid of the liberals and Colonel McCormick, and with Governor Horner "too sick to talk" for his old pal Courtney, Kelly will get the Democratic nomination by two to one or better.

Meanwhile, the fake Republican campaign has been sinking to its nadir. Dwight Green, an inconsequential utilities lawyer who actually believes that his campaign is being financed by Republicans, is competing with Big Bill Thompson for the right to Keep America Out of War and stop the Roosevelt reds. The only interesting thing about Big Bill, aside from the fact that he is still alive, is that the *Tribune,* which deplores European fascism, has not mentioned his name during the campaign. Green's role, as an innocent auxiliary of the Kelly campaign, is to draw "reform" votes away from Courtney.

So at last we liberals are going to reform Chicago, with Ed Kelly's help. He's already promised us that he will let a citizens' committee suggest the new members for the school board, two to be appointed each year. It's true that it's just a promise, and it's true that even if Ed suddenly starts keeping promises he will still have a majority of the board. But isn't it nice that he promises us something, and calls us in for conferences, and even supports one of us for alderman?

The readers of *The Nation* know Paul Douglas. Douglas has been a fighting liberal since he was six, incorruptible, brilliant, and unafraid. If it weren't for a liberal president, the trustees of the University of Chicago would have run him out of town long ago. Douglas is one of those rare persons who reach the "age of discretion" without pulling in his chin. Now he is the Kelly-Nash candidate for alderman. He warned Kelly that Kelly was supporting him at his own risk. Kelly grinned and said, "Sure." Kelly wanted nothing, nothing at all.

That's what happened before the election. What will happen afterward, when the machine has put our man on the City Council and still doesn't want anything? Paul Douglas isn't corruptible. And no liberal will take orders from a corruptionist. But the machine will go right on helping us, giving us an appointment here and an appropriation there. And meanwhile the machine, which stands for rotten, undemocratic government, will grow stronger every day.

Why go on bleeding and dying and never getting anywhere? Why not be practical and get a little something today and a little something more tomorrow? "One thing at a time"—the ancient doctrine of successive justification. Some say Roosevelt's been able to do it, coming to power on the shoulders of the Old Dealers and giving the country a New Deal. Maybe we can do it in Chicago.

But the sum and substance of the current situation is that there isn't going to be any reform in Chicago. National reformism has passed its crest, leaving its mark on most American cities, even Kansas City and Los Angeles. But the worst city in America went right on getting worse and is going to get worse faster from now on. My friends, it's wicked to be a tory, but it's hell to be a liberal.

"Greater Ukrainia"

BY ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

THERE are in the world somewhere between 40 and 45 million Ukrainians. These people, before 1914 often called Little Russians or, in old Austria-Hungary, Ruthenes, are a Slavonic group speaking a number of closely related dialects. Ukrainian lies between Russian and Polish in the scale of Slavonic languages; it is closest to Russian though definitely distinct from it. Although many of the Ukrainians were until recently only vaguely conscious of their nationality, they constitute what has been called "perhaps the biggest unsolved political question of Europe today." It is a problem with which Austria and Germany used to be greatly concerned, with the idea of making difficulties for Czarist Russia. It is therefore only to be expected that the Nazi rulers, spurred by Western defeatism and their own acute needs, should be fishing in the troubled waters of the Ukrainian question today.

Before the World War between 30 and 35 million Ukrainians lived under Russian rule, and about 5 million were subjects of Austria-Hungary. About a million and a half had settled in North America—mostly in Canada —in order to escape from poverty and oppression in Europe. In Russia they were not recognized as a separate non-Russian group. The czarist authorities pursued a frank policy of russification, and Russians of the *ancien régime* explain to one today that no distinction can be made between the Russian and the Ukrainian language. Furthermore, although the Russian Ukraine, where most but by no means all the Russian Ukrainians lived, had the richest soil in all Russia, most of the inhabitants remained peasants who might occasionally attain wealth but not social or political advancement unless they had accepted complete russification. The big landowners of the Russian Ukraine were Russians or Poles or russified

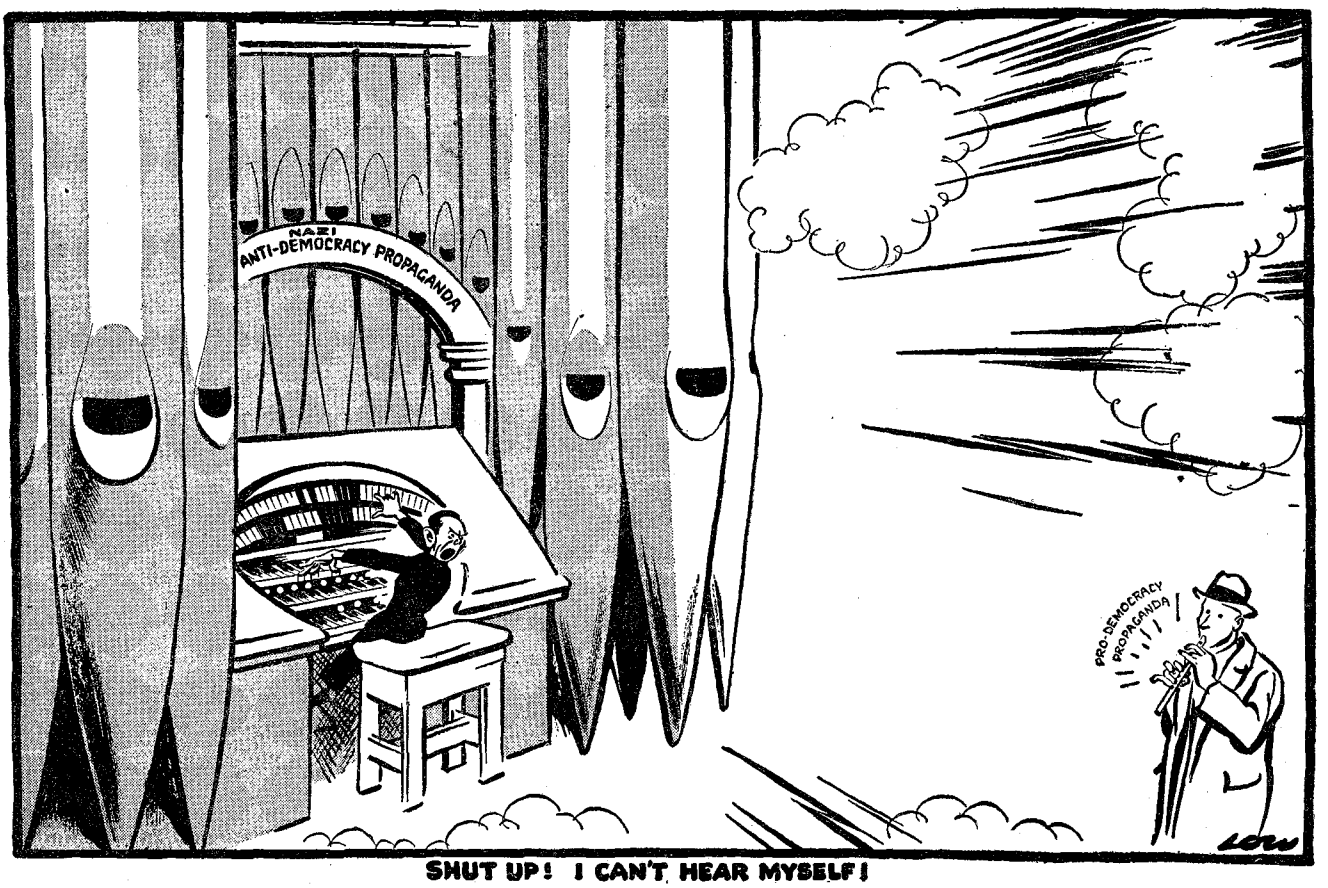
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ukrainians; business was in the hands of the Jews. Ukrainian hatred of the Jews was peculiarly bitter; there was practically no intermarriage between the two races; and the Russian secret police found it easy to instigate ruthless pogroms.

Despite the policy of the Czars the course of history has made the Poles appear to be the "hereditary enemy" of the Ukrainians. The pre-war Russian government oppressed the Poles and the Ukrainians alike, but the pre-war Austrian authorities gave their Polish subjects a fairly free hand to harass the Ukrainians, or Ruthenes, of eastern Galicia. Thus the relative mildness of the Austrian administration, which allowed some schools to be conducted in the Ruthenian language, was canceled by the severity of the Polish landowners toward the Ruthenian peasants.

In the confusion of Eastern Europe during the war and immediately after it, independent Ukrainian or Ruthenian governments established themselves for short periods in Eastern Galicia and the Russian Ukraine. It was hoped that they would be able to coalesce into a great Ukrainian state, but their neighbors felt an interest in preventing this, and the dreams of Ukrainian unity and freedom faded. A certain Petliura who became the head of the autonomous government of the Russian Ukraine was suspiciously Polonophile, and the Bolsheviks were no more willing to respect his authority than the new Polish regime was content to leave the East Galician government unmolested. The Russo-Polish war of 1919 and 1920 was primarily a war fought over the Ukrainians. In the end the Polish seizure of Eastern Galicia was accepted both by Russia and by the Western powers. The latter pressed Poland to grant autonomy to the Ukrainians, and the Poles actually agreed to this in 1919 and 1922, but they have consistently ignored their promises ever since. By the Treaty of Riga, Russia and Poland recognized the independence of the Russian Ukraine; in 1923 the Ukrainian Socialist Soviet Republic joined the U. S. S. R. Meanwhile, half a million Ukrainians in Bukovina had been transferred by the peace treaties from Hungary to the new Czechoslovakia. The latter group, like their brothers in Eastern Galicia, received a promise of autonomy.

It would be inaccurate to suggest that the mainly Ukrainian settlement areas are wholly Ukrainian. The towns of the Russian Ukraine, for instance, were and are much more strongly Russian than the countryside. Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia, where Ukrainians, or Ruthenes, have long been settled southwest of the great Carpathian mountain barrier, was perhaps the most mixed of all predominantly Ukrainian districts; its few towns were largely Hungarian, Jewish, and Czechoslovak, with the ubiquitous *Auslandsdeutsche* also represented. Owing to Hungarian neglect this region was also perhaps the most backward Ukrainian area, and there is fairly general agreement that the Czechoslovak government was bound to ignore its claims to autonomy until educational and sanitary reforms could make their effects



SHUT UP! I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

felt. It is also generally agreed that the Czech authorities enormously improved conditions between 1920 and 1938.

But the corollary to Munich was the Vienna award of November, 1938, by which the more fertile southern districts of Slovakia and Ruthenia were handed over to Hungary. The Czechs have also been forced to make Ruthenian autonomy, like Slovakian, "effective," and this has delivered the rump of Ruthenia to Hungarian, Polish, and German intrigue and propaganda. The Poles and Hungarians wish to swallow up Ruthenia completely, but the Germans, who were responsible for the November amputation and its limitations, are now busily engaged in persuading the Ruthenians that they are destined to play the role of the Piedmontese in a Great Ukrainian *risorgimento*. This is the avalanche which Munich has released.

For all is not well in the Polish and the Russian Ukraine. The condition of the Sudeten Germans under Czechoslovak rule was a paradise compared with that of the six or seven million Ukrainians who live in Poland. In Czechoslovakia opinion was free, and, on the whole, justice and administration kept to the rules, but Poland is a pseudo-dictatorship. All officials and police in the Polish Ukraine are Polish, and Polish colonists have been settled in Ukrainian areas. Polonization is the price of all political or social advancement. The Polish standard of living is miserably low, and the Ukrainian peasantry in the eastern district of Volhynia is incredibly poor. The old pre-war demand for a Ukrainian university at Lwow (Lemberg) has been consistently ignored, and ordinary schools are either bilingual or—as in the majority of cases—conducted only in Polish. Disabilities are attached to membership in the Uniate church, to which the Ukrainians cling by way of dissociating themselves from the zealous Roman Catholicism of the Poles. At the time of the Polish-German crisis in 1934 the Polish government made some effort to conciliate the Ukrainians: police persecution was diminished and direct provocation avoided. The main Ukrainian nationalist organization accepted the Polish advances, and for the last four years an uneasy truce has been maintained.

With the partitioning of Czechoslovakia Polish-Ukrainian relations became worse. The Polish government backed Hungary's claim to the whole of Ruthenia in the hope of blocking Germany's path to the east and keeping the Ukrainians divided and in subjection. This policy the Ukrainians of Poland bitterly resented; there were mass demonstrations in Lwow, and nationalist extremists began to set fire to Polish farms again. The Poles retaliated, and Uniate churches went up in flames. When the Vienna award was announced, it was evident that the Polish government had been snubbed. Since then the Ukrainians in Poland have been following up their advantage by pressing their claims to autonomy.

The bulk of the Ukrainians are peasants living in the Russian Ukraine. Until 1930 they seem to have got on very well within the U. S. S. R. They had been glad enough to be rid of the czarist landowners, and they preferred the Bolsheviks to the liberal intellectuals who had brought the German army into the country in 1918. A Ukrainian Communist, Skrypnik, was their chief administrator, and the use of the Ukrainian language was encouraged. In 1930, however, members of an organization called the Union for the Liberation of the Ukraine were brought to trial. The organization had apparently received help from Poland, and dark suspicions now began to injure the relations between the Russians and the Ukrainians. Skrypnik committed suicide, and other Ukrainian leaders disappeared or were brought to trial and executed. Economic circumstances exacerbated the quarrel: the Ukrainians believed that the Soviet authorities, like their czarist predecessors, were exploiting the natural wealth of the region for the general advantage of Russia, leaving the Ukrainians themselves to starve. The peasants, too, were traditionally more individualistic than the Russians and therefore more bitterly opposed to the collectivization of agriculture. Thus the Bolshevik regime found itself fighting the Ukrainianism upon which in the twenties it had smiled. In the last five years, however, the standard of living in the Ukraine has steadily risen, and with prosperity the tension between the Soviet authorities and the Ukrainian population has somewhat relaxed.

The Russian Ukraine, which contains about one-fifth of the total population of the U. S. S. R., is famous not only for its rich soil and its grain production; it also contains the Donetz coal mines and supplies of iron ore rich in manganese; its salt deposits are extensive, and it grows fruit on a large scale. No wonder that the Germans have long considered the advantages to be gained by exploiting inter-Slav enmities and controlling a future great Ukrainian state; even in the Russian Ukraine there are German-language "islands" whose existence may at any time be conveniently exploited. Ever since 1900, indeed, Germans have intrigued with Ukrainian nationalists. At Brest-Litovsk in 1918 the German military authorities induced the Ukrainians to accept a kind of German protectorate and an obligation to make large grain supplies available to Germany. This agreement led to acute friction between the German army and the Ukrainian population, and when the Germans collapsed in the west, they lost their hold upon the east as well. The Weimar republic, always on bad terms with the new republic of Poland, consistently encouraged discontent in the Polish Ukraine, and Berlin has long been an important center for the distribution of Ukrainian nationalist propaganda.

After Hitler made his truce with Poland in 1934, Germany seemed to lose interest in Poland's Ukrainians.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the Führer had long before warned all Slavs what to expect at his hands. "If today in Europe we talk of new land," he wrote in "Mein Kampf," "we can in the first instance think only of Russia, and the border states subject to her. . . . Our mission is the industrious work of the German plow, to which the sword only has to give the soil." In a century's time there are to be not 80 million Germans but 250 million living as a prosperous ruling caste in Eastern Europe with the Slavs as their helots. In order to bring this about, German propagandists, using Ruthenia as their base of operations, are preaching Ukrainian national unity; for Ukrainian liberation would threaten both Poland and Rumania with disintegration and unbar the road to Kiev and Odessa. It has been pointed out that the Ukrainian plan for autonomy recently rejected by the speaker of the Polish Diet bears striking resemblances to those Sudeten German demands for autonomy which aimed at the disintegration of Czechoslovakia.

In spite of its success at Munich, Germany is still in economic difficulties which urge it toward a new Brest-Litovsk treaty. Chaos in Ruthenia and oppression in Poland and Russia make the Ukrainians highly susceptible to German propagandists, whether these preach self-determination or anti-Semitism. In the atmosphere of Eastern Europe today it may be easy to revive the violent anti-Semitism of the pre-war Ukrainians, though the Soviet authorities have tried to stamp out this feeling within the Soviet Union and to shut out foreign propaganda. While the Ukrainian masses west of Russia are certainly responding to Nazi activities, it is interesting to find among the leaders some who feel deep suspicion of Germany. One of these, a man named Palnski, declared only recently that "the Ukrainians know very well Hitler's derogatory opinion of the Slavs, including the Ukrainians." "No one of us has any ambitions," he stated, "to become a meal for the German *Herrenvolk* or fodder for the Nordic beast." It remains to be seen, perhaps very soon, whether the Germans will succeed in stifling such perceptive critics or whether they will bog themselves in the Ukraine tomorrow in much the same fashion as they failed there once before in 1918. And finally it remains to be seen whether, if Greater Ukrainia arises, it will embrace the Communist or the Nazi creed.

Americans on England

BY ROBERT DELL

San Francisco, February 10

THREE months ago today I set foot on American territory for the first time in my life. In the course of that time I have seen a good deal of the United States, for I have traveled about four thousand miles—from New York to Washington, Washington to New Orleans, New Orleans to Los Angeles, and Los Angeles to San Francisco—and during my stay in New York I paid two short visits to Philadelphia. It has been my good fortune to come into contact with many cross-sections of American society. I have met bankers, representatives of big, medium, and small business, directors, artists, and writers in the motion-picture industry from Mr. Chaplin downward, as well as the people that I might naturally be expected to meet—namely, newspapermen, writers, artists, and people of every sort interested in international affairs and belonging to the numerous organizations dealing with those affairs. Above all I have met again, in some cases after a long interval, my many American friends, who had made me love America before I arrived.

I expected to like America; I like it even more than I expected. France has for years been my second country, and before I came to America I should have said that it was the best country I knew to live in, but now I am less sure of that. At any rate America runs it close in my estimation. Never, since I landed in New York on November 10, have I felt for a moment that I was in a foreign country. If there are any people in the world as kind and as hospitable as the Americans, I have not met them.

Perfect strangers to whom I have been given introductions have treated me as if I were an old friend. Perhaps there are no people from whom I have learned more about America than from the casual acquaintances made in the course of my travels. Taxi drivers, especially in New York, have talked to me about every subject under the sun. In particular they have questioned me about economic conditions in Europe and told me about economic conditions in America. One New York taxi driver told me that he had been a textile worker and, having become unemployed, had taken to taxi driving, which was considerably less profitable. Another said that the company by which he was employed gave its drivers only 35 per cent of the gross takings and that a daily minimum they had once received had been taken away from them. If this is generally true, taxi drivers are worse off in New York than in London or Paris.

On a long American railway journey the lounge car becomes, when the ice is broken—and it is broken very quickly—a sort of family party. I made in the course of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my long journeys friendships which I hope will be permanent with people I have since met in Southern California and San Francisco, and I have a whole collection of visiting cards given to me on the train by people living in various parts of the United States. On my journey from New Orleans to Los Angeles one of my fellow-travelers who lived in Houston, Texas, begged me to get out there and stay the night at his house. I was reluctantly obliged to decline his invitation.

Inevitably one's impressions after three months in an enormous country can be only superficial, but there seem to me, on the question of Anglo-American relations, to be two outstanding points of view in America. On the one hand there are the people who say that the United States must always stand by England at all costs—they often, I am glad to say, include France. On the other hand there are the people who say that England has too much influence at Washington and is always trying to drag the United States into war in defense of British interests. Now I am chary about expressing an opinion on questions of this kind. At every lecture that I have given in America somebody has asked me what America ought to do in some given case. I have always refused to reply, or rather I have replied: "That is your business not mine, and I cannot express any opinion on the subject." When I gave this reply at the University of California, where I lectured a few days ago, the chairman, Dr. Ira B. Cross, said that I was the only Englishman who had come to America without telling the Americans what to do. I hope that he exaggerated, for the Englishmen who come to America and tell the Americans what they ought to do only do infinite harm. They give a handle to the people who say that England is trying to drag the United States into war.

Some time ago my friend Sir George Paish, speaking at a meeting in San Francisco, made an impassioned appeal to America to go to the aid of the British Empire. I am told by people who were present at the meeting that he had a very bad reception. I regret it, but I am not surprised. I am sure that Sir George Paish is sincerely concerned about the future welfare of the civilized world in general, but he should have realized that such an appeal, coming from an Englishman, cannot appear disinterested to an American audience. To my amazement, an American citizen of British Indian origin said at a luncheon I attended at Los Angeles that it was the duty of America to save the British Empire. I started my speech, which immediately followed his, by saying that, if I were an American, I should not agree with him on that point. Why should America save the British Empire? Can the British Empire ultimately be saved? All past empires have disappeared sooner or later, and I see no reason why the British Empire should be an exception to the rule. For my part, I find Mr. Briffault's book, "The Decline and Fall of the British Empire," terribly convincing, in spite of a few mistakes in fact in regard to the events of the last few years, notably about the policy of the late Sir Austen Chamberlain, which was not, as Mr. Briffault thinks, the same as that of his father and half-brother, but just the opposite. Austen Chamberlain was not pro-German but intensely pro-French. He was not the author of the Treaty of Locarno, which was proposed by the German government on the suggestion of Lord D'Abernon, to prevent Austen Chamberlain from making an alliance with France, as he was on the point of doing.

And for my part I should like to see all empires disappear forever. My solution of the colonial question is to put the colonies of all countries under international mandates. To that Hitler will never agree, and for that reason alone it would be a reactionary measure to allow Germany to have any colonies, apart from the iniquity of handing over any "non-Aryan" population to Nazi control. Naturally, it would be a disaster if the British Empire fell to pieces only to pass into the hands of the totalitarian states, but even that is possible unless there is soon a radical change in British foreign policy.

Speaking from the point of view of a European, I think that both the American opinions that I have mentioned are partly right and partly wrong. Naturally, all democratic Europeans would like to see the United States actively backing the democratic forces in Europe, which does not at all necessarily mean risking war. One of the things that has most struck me in America is the failure of the majority of Americans to realize that their country is now the greatest and most powerful country in the world. When America leads, the rest of the world will have to follow. My opinion is that the future of the world is in the hands of the United States and Russia, and that sooner or later you in America will recognize this and act accordingly. There is no real difficulty in the way of an accommodation between the United States and Russia, for the Russian government is now the most realistic and, in the true sense of the term, the most opportunistic in the world.

However this may be, my opinion if I were an American would be that France is a more natural ally than England for the United States. France is much more really democratic than England, and on France more than on England the future of democracy depends. If American influence could have been used to encourage French governments to stand firm against British pressure, Europe would be in a better state today than it is in. France is the center of European civilization—Paris is the intellectual capital of the world—and if France falls, European civilization will fall with it. The worst thing about Neville Chamberlain's policy is that, although no doubt he is not conscious of it, he is on the way to destroy European civilization as well as the British Empire. Close American cooperation with the present British and French governments would be a disaster to Europe.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Those in America who complain that British influence is too strong at Washington have therefore, in my opinion, some reason on their side, for at present British influence everywhere is thoroughly bad. But the reason given for this opinion by too many of the Americans who hold it is a mistaken one. The British ruling classes are in the main anti-American. They do not wish the United States to intervene in the affairs of the world. They much prefer American isolation. How else can one explain the fact that when, in the Manchurian and Abyssinian affairs, there was an offer of American cooperation with the League of Nations, it was repulsed by the British government? The British ruling classes are jealous of the power and influence of the United States. They want to rule the world in cooperation with Hitler, and they do not want American cooperation. British influence is used at Washington to prevent America from butting in and spoiling Chamberlain's little games. Anthony Eden was probably charged with a mission to that end. In any case the purpose of the visit of the King and Queen to America is to win American sympathy for Chamberlain's policy. Chamberlain is using his sovereigns as publicity agents. If I were an American I should have been humiliated at the revelation that the British Prime Minister was able to interfere with American broadcasting through the kind offices of the American Ambassador to London. Speaking from the point of view of a European and an internationalist who has only European and international interests at heart, I say without hesitation that in present conditions the less British influence there is at Washington and the less American cooperation with the British government the better for Europe and the world.

Living Philosophies

X. PLEASURE BE YOUR GUIDE

BY REBECCA WEST

I HAVE no faith in the sense of comforting beliefs which persuade me that all my troubles are blessings in disguise. I do not believe that any facts exist, or rather are accessible to me, which give any assurance that my life has served an eternal purpose. I do not find this distressing. That is not because my life has been so happy that its superficial import strikes me as satisfactory. My childhood and my girlhood were overshadowed by the tragedies of my elders, and my twenties were a nightmare of overwork and harassment. Not till my marriage, and I married in my late thirties, did I have one human being close to me who ever thought of saving me fatigue or pain or responsibility. Now that I am at last able to take pleasure in both my family and my work, it happens that not only myself but all those whom I love may before long meet a violent death either in the course of an idiot war or at the hands of idiot fascists. There have been many worse fates than mine, but I cannot think it ideal.

Nevertheless, I feel no overwhelming anxiety to find some creed to assure me that all has been for the best and I have only to follow a particular path to be consoled by eternal happiness. It may be that I should feel such anxiety if I were stricken by a painful and incurable disease, but as yet I have not felt it. I do not even find in myself any great curiosity as to whether my soul is immortal or not. If I received definite and convincing information either way I should be very interested, though not, I think, either extremely depressed or elated; but I do not feel the lack of such information as a hardship.

I have, as I have said, no faith, in the sense of a store of comforting beliefs. But I have faith in a process, in a particular process that is part of the general process of life, though it is sometimes annulled by it. I find an ultimate value in the efforts of human beings to do more than merely exist, to choose and analyze their experiences and by the findings of that analysis help themselves to further experiences which are of a more pleasurable kind. I use the word pleasurable in its widest sense: to describe such experiences as come from good food and wine, exercise, the physical act of lovemaking, the practice of a beloved craft or art or science, a happy marriage, the care of children or the sick or the old by those who enjoy it, the service of valid ideas, or the administration of worthy institutions, or the pursuit of agreeable sensations. *Trahit sua quemque voluptas.* By indulgence in these experiences life is made more pleasant from day to day. That is in itself of the first importance. That end would be worth while pursuing if no other benefit were obtained. But it also serves the purpose of furnishing each human soul with access to the avenue along which it can advance farthest toward the comprehension and mastery of life. Pleasure is not arbitrary; it is the sign by which the human organization shows that it is performing a function which it finds appropriate to its means and ends. I take it as a prime cause of the present confusion of society that it is too sickly and too doubtful to use pleasure frankly as a test of value.

There is, of course, the objection that man's tastes are so inherently vicious that if pleasure were taken as a standard he would exhaust his vital powers in drunkenness and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sexual license. I do not believe this to be true of humanity as we know it in our civilization. It obviously is true in certain circumstances which prevent the development of alternative amusements. Convincing evidence of that is given in John Morris's anthropological study, "Living with Lepchas," but the evidence speaks of a restriction of general appetite quite as remarkable as the indulgence of these particular appetites. I have observed human beings for a number of years in the United States and in all countries of Europe, except Russia, Poland, Rumania, and Turkey; and I do not find that dissipations of this sort are their special temptation.

The fear that pleasure is an unreliable standard because the common man will identify pleasure with debauchery has two sources, neither of which is discreditable. First, there is the recollection of the difficulty found in more elementary stages of society to distract man from concentration on the simpler forms of animal gratification. Secondly, there is the exaggerated consciousness of a real twofold difficulty in education. It is certainly not easy to convince young people that the simple and direct pleasures of "having a good time" will pale before the more complicated pleasures of adult life, which may even involve having quite a bad time. There is no way of assuring a boy of sixteen that some day he may find working in a tropical hospital just as enjoyable as speeding in an automobile, or a girl of sixteen that some day she may find just as great happiness in looking after several children on small means as she does in dancing. It is also difficult to persuade young people to undergo the preliminary training necessary for them to enjoy adult pleasures, since this is often temporarily painful. On both these sources of fear candor can shine with a helpful light. We need not be afraid that the drunkenness and promiscuity of the slums reveal the common trend of human life if we admit to ourselves that the greater decorum of the bourgeoisie is the result not of renunciation, which is indeed not a process we can count upon, but of command of more refined and satisfying means of self-indulgence. The educational difficulty is much graver. It can never be easily solved; but if adults admitted to children that they lived for pleasure, of the value of which every child has an intuitive knowledge, instead of for some undefined value which is served by renunciation, children would put much more trust in the good faith of adults and accept their advice about the most useful preparation for life.

It is of paramount importance that these difficulties should be faced and that pleasure should be recognized as a reasonable standard, because of the chaos that establishes itself if we do not. The belief that all higher life is governed by the idea of renunciation poisons our moral life by engendering vanity and egotism. But if we take gratification as our ideal we thereby impose on ourselves a program of self-restraint; for if we claim that we are under the necessity of learning all that we can about reality, and that we learn most through pleasure, we must also admit that we are under the necessity of hearing what our fellow-creatures learn about it and of working out a system by which we all curb our pleasures so that they do not interfere with those of others. If, however, we claim that it is by renunciation that we achieve wisdom, we have no logical reason for feeling any disapproval of conditions that thrust pain and deprivation on others.

But indeed we need no further argument in favor of taking pleasure as a standard when we consider the only alternative that faces us. If we do not live for pleasure we shall soon find ourselves living for pain. If we do not regard as sacred our own joys and the joys of others, we open the door and let into life the ugliest attribute of the human race, which is cruelty. I believe this vice to be as much of a shame and a doom to humanity as the original sin of the theologians; and I believe it to be the root of all other vices. I do not believe people are cruel because they are greedy; I am sure they invent greed as a pretext for cruelty. I am as sure that the sexual caprice which makes people desert still living mates or thrust their attentions on those who are offended by them has not its origin in the pure sexual instinct but is a use made of it by cruelty, seeking an instrument. I take it that cruelty is an early error of the mind, which becomes a confirmed habit before reason can disperse it. Hatred necessarily precedes love in human experience. After the tideless peace of prenatal existence the child is born into a world of uncomfortable physical experiences and terrifying uncomprehended controls. It must feel that in order to preserve itself it must lay about it; it must beat with its hands and plot evil against the aggressors. Thus a habit is initiated; thus a fantasy is engendered. It is imagined that it is right to inflict pain, which is given the most intricate and noxious ramifications by early experience. When one inflicts pain on the surrounding world one is punished, one suffers a greater pain than one inflicted, one is treated as guilty. This does not rob pain of its majesty, for punishment is pain, and punishment is acclaimed as good and holy. Is it not a way of salvation to be punished?

This last question the mind, being no fool, transforms quickly into another. If it did not do so, the human race would quickly become extinct, rushing forward to impale itself on expiatory tortures. Out of the instinct for self-preservation, and logically enough, it asks, "If it is a good and holy thing to be punished, must it not also be a good and holy thing to punish?" It answers that it is; and our earth becomes the hell it is. Thus we human beings plant in ourselves the perennial blossom of cruelty—the conviction that if we hurt other people we are doing good to ourselves and to life in general.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To destroy this cancer of our spirit is our real problem. Since its destruction means the correction of the whole structure of life down to the foundations that were laid when it first became self-conscious, it is a problem which is almost certainly beyond our power ever to solve completely. When we put our hands to this problem we must abandon all hope of success, certainly in our time, possibly in eternity. This is, however, of no importance. Any success achieved against cruelty is in itself absolute. I mean by this that it gives us and those from whom the cruel act has been averted an intense pleasure which could not be increased by a quantitative increase of the success.

It may be argued that if a need to inflict cruelty is so inherent in our nature, and its satisfaction such a stimulus to performance, there can be nothing more useless and dangerous than to interfere with it. That is exactly the issue, it seems to me, on which we have to part company with the obvious and convenient if we are to be morally respectable. It is not tolerable that humanity should continue to pay such a price for well-being. Nor is it a simple matter of continuance, for an appetite grows by what it feeds on, and there is no knowing to what hell our developed love of cruelty may lead us before the earth cools and we come to an end. There is no end to the cantrips we may indulge in if we do not eradicate this cruelty from our nature, or to the deterioration of our history that may result; for if cruelty is a stimulus to action, it also determines the quality of our actions.

There are certain general ideas which seem to me to be imposed on us by the recognition of this cruelty. One is the necessity for freedom of speech and the arts. We have to scrutinize all the advances of society to judge whether they are cruel or frustrate cruelty, and for that purpose we must hear the evidence of all persons affected by their operation and of all persons qualified by experience or learning or speculative gifts to form an interesting opinion on what those operations might be. It is therefore necessary that all classes of men should be given the fullest opportunity to express themselves without constraint, not only out of admiration for an abstraction, but as a practical measure toward human survival. It is also necessary that the artist, of whatsoever kind, should be free to anatomize the spirit, so that we can comprehend the battlefield that is this life, and which are the troops of light and which of darkness, and what light may be, and what darkness. For the essence of our human plight is confusion. Those who love cruelty dress themselves up as its enemies, and those who hate it appear to be, and sometimes are, its servants.

This deception is crystallized in its most pictorial, in its most horribly important form by the history of Christianity. The spectacle of the rise of fascism and some contact with the Eastern church, which is many centuries nearer primitive Christianity than the Western church, have made it clear to me that the life of Christ should have been an incomparable blessing to man and a revelation of the way he must follow if he is not to be a beast, and a failure at that. Christ was an incarnate denunciation of cruelty. He was sinless, he was full of love, he was ingenious in devising prescriptions of mercy; he was what the world needed, he could have taught us how to make life a perpetual pleasure. Society could find nothing better to do with him than kill him. Here was a man who could have saved his life if he had dissimulated his virtue. He unveiled it, knowing that he made himself a target for man's arrows. Just as a great artist finds the perfect myth to symbolize the truth he has discovered, that shall sum it up in a form acceptable by the human faculty of attention, so Christ by his crucifixion demonstrated exactly what the assault of cruelty on the innocent means; and the subsequent services devised by the early church commemorated the beauty of the virtue that was slain and the beastliness shown by the slayer, and reiterated the warning that this was the kind of crime man was inherently likely to commit unless he watched himself. There could be no more proper medicine for the human disease. But the church has poured as much of the draft as possible down the drain by its attempts to develop a doctrine to account for the crucifixion of Christ as an *atonement* for the sins of man instead of a *demonstration* of them. These attempts were founded on the primitive idea of the magical value of sacrifice for propitiating the powers that be, and they were initiated by St. Paul, out of the legalistic quality of his mind. They were carried further by the Fathers of the Church, and given lasting authority by St. Augustine. He was one of the greatest of geniuses and a most lovable character, but he was also a violent man, in love with violence and unrepelled by cruelty. He therefore found great pleasure in imagining a gross drama in which the devil held humanity in his power by reason of its sins and would have condemned it to death wholesale had he not killed Christ, after which he could not claim the blood of humanity since in the divine life of Christ he had been paid so much more than it owed him. This gives cruelty an honorable part in the redemption of man instead of denouncing it.

The refusal to recognize pleasure as the supreme value in human life allows man to indulge in some of his characteristically false logic. His mind, which is quite inadequate for the purpose of mastering his environment and therefore always oversimplifies, sees the universe in antitheses, in dichotomies. He says, foolishly enough, for one cannot cut into clean halves two substances that pass into each other by insensible gradation, that there is light and darkness, life and death, pleasure and pain. He feels a need to identify these antitheses one with another, and since he is not allowed to make the obvious identification between pleasure and life and light, which would be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rough indeed but sound enough save for the most crude and diseased character, he comes to the conclusion that the universe is a queerer place than he thought it, and he agrees with the cruel that life and light are pain. But there is that in all the more decent sorts of human being which warns them that it is a filthy thing to inflict pain, and therefore all that are most likely to give themselves that warning and take it are likely to put themselves in the position of those on whom pain is inflicted: to be a beaten wife, a cheated husband, is better than to be a bullying husband, an idle and spendthrift wife; to be put into a concentration camp is better than to put others into it. They become masochists instead of sadists. This must inevitably happen unless the emphasis is transferred to pleasure. Then only can a good man feel himself at ease in happiness with an unmalignant partner, and in victory over a bad man; then only will the human species have a chance to practice some other art than suicide, and creation oust nothingness.

To live by this philosophy is more difficult than following the old. Pain is always at hand in some form or other, but pleasure is harder to find; and these antitheses are protean and treacherous, always pretending to be one another. Birth-control, for example, is a means of pleasure for women in certain circumstances: it enables them not to have more children than they can feed and clothe and adequately love. In other circumstances it can be the means of preventing them from knowing pleasure: it can enable a masculinist society to deny women the right to have any children at all, and keep them as starved and sterile producers and consumers of worthless goods in large towns, and in this second form it affects to make the same offer of freedom as the first, though in fact it enjoins slavery. But more dangerous than the protean nature of environment is the protean nature of our own souls, that constantly avails itself of these changes to make its own under a cover of consistency. It is because of the ineradicable persistence of cruelty in the human species, which may be incorrigible, that I should never be saddened to be warned of its passing. I can imagine no better news than to hear that there had emerged from the South American forest or the Australian desert specimens of a new species which would, by reason of some new organ or adaptation of an organ, be able to dominate man as man has dominated the other animals. They might, particularly if their reproductive systems were differently planned, be less morbid. Our lives would seem more tolerable and more honorable if we could know ourselves a transitional form, superseding what was worse and being superseded by what was better. Not that I feel our lives to be entirely intolerable and dishonorable. The living philosophy which really sustains us, which is our basic nourishment, more than any finding of the mind, is simply the sensation of life, exquisite when it is not painful.

In the Wind

WILLIAM GREEN has heatedly denied on several occasions that the A. F. of L. would favor amendments to the Wagner Act which might "play into the hands" of employers. In this connection a Washington report in the February 11 issue of *Business Week* is of interest: "There's tacit agreement among some A. F. of L. and business leaders on Wagner Act amendments, but employers can't rely too much on the federation to pull their chestnuts out of the fire. Lewis is just waiting for a slip that will give C. I. O. a chance to show that Green is the tool of the bosses."

WHEN WILLIAM S. KNUDSEN, president of General Motors, visited Des Moines recently, the Hotel Fort Des Moines took extraordinary measures to insure his comfort. Among other things it issued a bulletin to all employees emphasizing that Mr. Knudsen's name was pronounced with a silent *k* and a long *u*.

THE CHICAGO *Tribune's* feud with ex-Mayor William Hale Thompson is famous among newspapermen. The staff has instructions never to mention his name and, if compelled to recognize his existence, to refer only to a "former mayor." This feud reached new heights recently when Chicago's current mayoralty candidates, including Thompson, addressed the Chicago Teachers' Union. The *Tribune* put the story on the front page and ran excerpts from all the speeches except Thompson's, whose appearance at the meeting wasn't even noted.

LIFE'S-DARKEST-MOMENT DEPT.: Three weeks ago this column revealed the unreported arrival in this country of one of Hjalmar Schacht's close associates. We reported that he told intimates here that Schacht's parting words to him were: "I don't know whether they'll build a monument for me—or a scaffold." It was a good line, and since it was relayed to us from a source we consider reliable, we have no reason to doubt it was spoken. It was also a good line, several readers have reminded us, when it first appeared in John Gunther's "Inside Europe" three years ago.

AN AMERICAN journalist attending a cocktail party in Mexico City received this "inside" version of Mexican politics from the wife of a prominent oil magnate whose properties had been expropriated. "Of course Cárdenas is a Communist. Don't you realize that Stalin sent Trotsky over here to guide Cárdenas? And why did John L. Lewis come down? To get his orders from Trotsky and relay them to Frances Perkins."

DESCRIBING THE provisions of a new law proposed by Michigan patrioteers, the Detroit *Free Press* reported that "it also would be mandatory that every classroom period be opened with a pledge of allegiance to the *fag*."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

MY RECENT review of George Seldes's "Lords of the Press" got me into hot water. Mr. Seldes thinks that I did not do justice to the book and possibly I did not. However, I still feel that in the main my review is accurate, and I am not guilty of the charge he made that I failed to read certain passages. That I sympathize with the purpose of the volume and believe in the essential truthfulness and accuracy of his views of the press of today, I gladly stress again. It is his workmanship in this book that I quarrel with.

A warm friend, Jacob Billikopf, has written me a letter in regard to my criticism of David Stern in the same review of Seldes's book. I take from his letter the following:

> To the great credit of David Stern be it said that, although he is supposed to have "obtained loans" from Governor Earle, which is not the case, he did not support Earle in the primaries and vigorously attacked his principal backer. A study of the list of stockholders of the Philadelphia *Record* would, indeed, be a revelation in that it would show that the majority of them are bitterly opposed to the so-called economic and political "heresies" sponsored by the Stern papers—the Philadelphia *Record,* New York *Post,* and Camden *Courier-Post.*
>
> There could be cited many instances of large advertisers in Philadelphia whom the *Record* criticizes vigorously when it feels that such criticism is necessary in the public interest. Those of us who know Mr. Stern are only too well aware that he would not tolerate the least pressure from advertisers or stockholders. In the light of what he has done for Philadelphia in the past ten years, Mr. Seldes understated the case for the liberalism of the Stern papers.

I should be the last to wish to do the slightest injustice to David Stern, but I must point out that Governor Earle is and has been a bondholder in the New York *Post* and so has United States Senator Joseph F. Guffey. Each subscribed for $50,000 of bonds and each paid by giving his note for that amount to the New York *Post,* which handed the notes over to the Bankers' Securities Corporation for discount. This placed the New York *Post* under serious obligation to two leading Democratic politicians. That makes it all the more creditable that Mr. Stern opposed Mr. Earle in the primaries, but it does not mitigate the fact that he who is supposedly running a politically independent newspaper tied himself up with those two Democratic politicians. I submit that if Mr. Seldes had found that a conservative newspaper had borrowed money from two leading conservative politicians he would have considered that complete proof of its subservience to politicians and big business.

It is, of course, gratifying to know that Mr. Stern has stood out against advertisers. I acknowledge gladly the hundreds of admirable liberal editorials which have appeared in his three newspapers; he has carried on some fine crusades for the public welfare. Yet he is not a free agent. George Seldes points this out when he writes that Stern has faced the choice "of publishing as liberal and free a newspaper as possible, with the necessary compromises . . ." or none at all. If these compromises, if his silences on certain men and things, are to be justified on the ground that otherwise Mr. Stern could not own the New York *Post,* for example, then I can only say that I cannot consider any newspaper which has to do that either liberal, free, or independent. Whether the net result of Mr. Stern's ownership of the *Post* has justified these compromises and silences each person must decide according to his ethics or his philosophy. Personally I have long believed that the *Post* cannot survive under those conditions. The public is, as the Gallup poll has shown, increasingly suspicious of the daily newspaper, and you cannot conceal facts from people indefinitely; ultimately they sense the truth, I believe, even if only subconsciously.

What is here presented is the old problem of whether the end justifies the means. The venerators of Joseph Pulitzer overlook the shocking early history of the *World,* its shameless sensationalism and wholesale falsification in the years immediately leading up to the Spanish War, its share in lowering the tone of our press, and point to the admirable record made by the *World* in later years as complete justification of Joseph Pulitzer's career. To accept this approval of evil methods to make money in order to turn over a new leaf and become ethical and patriotically useful is obviously to justify every newspaper debasement, and especially that old cynical and lying newspaper defense for vulgarity and crime stories, namely, that the public wants that sort of thing and that therefore the responsibility is the public's and not the manager's. We can only hope to get a decent press by insisting on the highest standards in morals and ethics for newspaper owners and refusing to let their good deeds validate their sins—this whether the owner is a Stern or a Pulitzer or a Hearst or anybody else.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CUTTING OF AN AGATE

BY LOUISE BOGAN

> I have been busy with a single art, that of . . . a small, unpopular theater; and this art may well seem to practical men, busy with some program of industrial or political regeneration, of no more account than the shaping of an agate; and yet in the shaping of an agate, whether in the cutting or the making of the design, one discovers, if one have a speculative mind, thoughts that seem important and principles that may be applied to life itself, and certainly if one does not believe so, one is but a poor cutter of so hard a stone.
>
> *August, 1912.*

YEATS'S break with his early style and subject matter—though the break never was, and never needed to be, complete—dates from 1909, or a year or two earlier. It has been said that this break was the result of his entrance into practical affairs. This statement is only partially true. Yeats's youthful ambition was to be a man of action, and he was more active in organization—in the Nationalist movement and literary societies—in his twenties than at any later time. It was only when he broke with the popular theater, which had interested him for ten years, and refused to make any further attempt to satisfy middle-class ideals of art that the resonant tone characteristic of the later poems sounded for the first time.

Synge died in 1909. Two years earlier the "Playboy" riots had occurred. And it was in this same period that Yeats witnessed the scandal raised by popular opinion and the Irish newspapers over the question of whether the city of Dublin should build a gallery to house Sir Hugh Lane's gift of Impressionist paintings. He witnessed, that is, in an acute form, the hostility of the middle class toward disinterested artistic expression, as it had been witnessed a generation earlier in France. The bourgeois mind demanded that art be moral or useful, and not only discredited the artist's function but outlawed the artist. Flaubert and Baudelaire were summoned before courts of law, and in Ireland the citizens of Dublin attacked Synge with outright violence.

Ireland, because of its ambiguous political status, threw up bourgeois culture late. And it was there produced in such a clear form that the transformation of the countryman's economy into that of the town dweller is an easily visible process. Yeats wished to give his country not only a sense of its former greatness but also a feeling for the nobility of the arts in general. After the bigotry aroused by "The Playboy" he began to see that his ideal was antipathetic to his audience.

> I believed . . . that a new intellectual life would begin, like that of young Ireland, but more profound and personal. . . . I could not foresee that a new class . . . would change the nature of the Irish movement. . . . Power passed to small shopkeepers, to men who had risen above the traditions of the countryman without learning those of cultivated life . . . and who, because of their poverty, ignorance, and superstitious piety, are much subject to all kinds of fear. Immediate victory, immediate utility, became everything, and we artists, who are the servants not of any cause but of mere naked life, . . . became as elsewhere in Europe protesting individual voices.

This was written in 1907. In 1909 Yeats begins to speak of "the mask," and to write those direct poems filled with scorn for "Paudeen" and Paudeen's wealthy "betters." "Responsibilities" (1914) developed this phase fully. The role of action was finally refused, and the artist's role, inimical in every way to popular taste, finally accepted.

The common admonition administered to a writer when he refuses to express the opinions and ideals current in his lifetime, choosing instead his own subjects and symbols, is that he thus risks preciosity and final sterility. Yeats, in refusing to cater to the middle, had two fields open to him—"aristocratic" and "vulgar" expression. These ends of the scale are equally rejected by the bourgeoisie: subtlety puzzles and coarseness shocks then. Yeats wrote his new plays in a form derived from the aristocratic Noh drama of Japan. He interested himself in the most "unserviceable" subjects—the Kabbala, spiritualism, Hindu philosophy, Byzantine civilization. In "A Vision" he built up a whole mystical system and applied it to historic facts. The later plays are so wrapped in symbol that they approach sheer incantation, and Yeats steadily refused to make their intention clear. He said to a musician who was to write music for these plays: "Lose my words in patterns of sound as the name of God is lost in Arabian arabesques. They are a secret between the singers, myself, and yourself."

The revolt against the idea of art's usefulness could hardly be pushed farther than Yeats in this manner extended it. Did the poems, then, written in this vein, in the last thirty years of his life, from the age of forty-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

four to the time of his death nearly at seventy-three, suffer?

On the contrary, they went on to ever greater degrees of power and suggestiveness; they touched the borders where poetry becomes ultimate evocation, and the regions where religion rises from universal mystery.

> These lovers, purified by tragedy,
> Hurry into each other's arms; those eyes
> By water, herb, and solitary prayer
> Made aquiline, are open to that light.
> Though somewhat broken by the leaves, that light
> Lies in a circle on the grass; therein
> I turn the pages of my holy book.

For two years, between the ages of sixty-seven and sixty-nine, Yeats wrote no poetry. "I had never been so long barren." Then began a new period of creation, to which we owe the great poems which have been appearing in English and American magazines during the last few years. In these poems "aristocratic" and "vulgar" forms unite. The songs and meditations are often "coarse" and written in as simple a form as street ballads or broadsheets. Yeats never abandoned the ballad forms first learned from Sligo peasants in his childhood: one or two appear in every volume, and the "Crazy Jane" songs in "The Winding Stair" (1933) are late and intense examples of the type. The last ballads go beyond even these; there is nothing quite like them in literature. The last lyrics of Goethe, written in age, seem sentimental and literary in comparison. These poems are unstained by any breath of false resignation or "ennobling" feeling. They express the sane bawdiness of healthy old age, in phrases written, none the less, with every distinction, every knowledge of effect, every delicate sympathy native to a sensitive nature. Meditation and speculation are there, but behind them, to the last, still exist "naked life" and the vivid sensual world.

Any artist old or young can take courage from these poems. And he can discover in Yeats's prose writing—which developed, like the poetry, from elaboration into simplicity, and documents fully the struggle of a long life—old evils again to be combated, however new and disguised their modern forms. A battle has been fought against them up to the very last days of a man recently dead, who emerged the victor.

One Kind of Satire

BOOKS

Unromantic Spain

SIROCCO, AND OTHER STORIES. By Ralph Bates. Random House. $2.50.

OF WRITERS using the English language Ralph Bates has probably the most intimately local knowledge of Spain—a knowledge that goes back far beyond the present war and that grew out of living among the Spanish people. Bates knows not simply Barcelona and Madrid, but the countryside and the fishing villages, and has come upon churchmen of all degrees and radicals of all complexions. Having fought in the front lines at Madrid, he has been a participant in Loyalist history as well as an observer of Spanish ways, and very likely he comes as close to the truth, in his observation of the national character, as any foreigner can.

"Sirocco" is a series of stories spanning the last fifteen or eighteen years and picturing Spain during the monarchy, the republic, and the Franco insurrection. The first stories seem remote in time, part of a modest, not much changing world marked by plowing and fishing, birth and death. Most of these stories seem written with crayon rather than ink: the sense of the country lies upon them, but they are subdued and a trifle blurred, while the longest and least typical of them, "The Quince," must face the charge of being sentimental.

"Comrade Vila"—in the section treating of the republic—is the first really interesting story; "Sirocco," which immediately follows it, the first impressive one. Told in the first person by a revolutionary who is hiding out in a Catalan fishing village, "Sirocco" is grotesque, pathetic, humorous, dramatic by turns, alternating domestic comedy with the vivid life of the fishing smacks, and reaching its climax in its account of a sudden sirocco.

Mr. Bates's stories of the civil war are very unequal, ranging from the flat failure of "Brunete Ballad" to the high point of the book, "43rd Division," the tale of a scout of a Lost Battalion in the Pyrenees. Pere, an anarchist by temperament as well as conviction, blindly courageous, utterly incapable of taking orders, comes through at full length; and his trip over the mountains in a blinding snowstorm and his escape by moonlight from Italian snipers are chronicles of great adventure told in a swirl of exciting prose.

Mr. Bates is so uneven a writer that it is impossible to pass a com-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN INVITATION TO MEET

ADOLF HITLER AND HIS NAZIS

-but at a safe distance-

YOUR GUIDE: MARTHA DODD

daughter of ex-Ambassador to Germany William E. Dodd, who gives an outspoken account of her four years in Nazi Germany.

YOUR PASSPORT: THAT BOOK OF HERS

Through Embassy Eyes

She knows everyone in Nazi officialdom, and her intimate portrayals of the great and the near-great are probably without parallel. $3.00

THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES

AN ENGLISH VERSION

by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald

Perhaps the best of the Greek plays and, according to W. Somerset Maugham, a perfect play if any perfect play exists. This translation is by those gifted poets whose collaboration on The Alcestis of Euripides was widely praised. Genevieve Taggard says: "These are the only versions I will want to read in the future, and the only versions I would give to poets and students." *Just out*, $1.50

THE ART OF CEZANNE

by Albert C. Barnes and Violette de Mazia

A fresh study of Cezanne's work of all periods, based on 25 years research and incorporating a scientific analysis of his form and technique. *With 171 halftones*, $5.00

"This is for the MIDDLETOWN market...and tops..."*

INDUSTRIAL VALLEY

*"It seems almost incredible that anyone could write MY SISTER EILEEN and win all through laughter—and then turn right about face and stir her readers to the depths with this extraordinarily moving history of a town (Akron) and its people."—*Virginia Kirkus's report to booksellers.* $3.00

by **Ruth** (MY SISTER EILEEN) **McKenney**

The favorite non-fiction book*

Listen! the Wind

by Anne Lindbergh

*So honored by the American Booksellers' Association Award. "Even better than NORTH TO THE ORIENT."—*Saturday Review.*

200th *thousand*, $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
383 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

Here is the most masterly, the most completely damning analysis of Fascism yet made. And here is the answer to that question: What can America do about it?

by LEWIS MUMFORD

author of "Technics and Civilization," "The Culture of Cities"

Men Must Act

The first definite, practical program for the United States to follow in combatting fascism, *at the same time preserving world peace.* $1.50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prehensive critical judgment on his book as a whole. Merely in its writing "Sirocco" seesaws between the driving power of "43rd Division" and such a sentence-in-a-bad-translation as: "I followed him all day and now as I may think with somewhat unusual frankness, I admit my conscience found a certain ease today because he had certainly assassinated the cardinal." His best stories seem lighted up from within; his worst are dull, circuitous, coreless. His use of situation, treatment of sensation, shaping of characters are just as often faltering as firm. He constantly experiments with ways of telling a story, and he much too frequently misses out.

What does unify this artistic mixture of good and bad, however, is a refusal to write about Spain glibly or to observe Spain picturesquely. There are no facile peasant "types" or cut-to-measure revolutionaries in these tales. There are devices a-plenty, but no cheap tricks. Bates's chronicles of the war are not the chronicles of war which most appeal to the average civilian mind; they lie much closer to experience. And Bates's Spain is not one of brilliant colors and throbbing music, of bullfights and mantillas and mysticism. We are not in a world made recognizable by Bizet and Debussy. This is the unlettered, unromantic Spain of the people, and Bates is most of the time content to write about it quite soberly—not with the quick enthusiasm of the tourist, but with the interest of someone who is quietly searching for fundamentals.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

China at War

INSIDE RED CHINA. By Nym Wales. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

UNCONQUERED. By James Bertram. John Day Company. $3.

THE DRAGON WAKES. By Edgar Ansel Mowrer. William Morrow and Company. $2.

THE Communist armies of China have probably given the Japanese invaders more trouble than any other Chinese force. What are the principles which govern their military tactics? Early in May, 1937, Peng Teh-huai, now deputy field commander of the Eighth Route Army, was discussing this topic with Nym Wales. His brilliant summary (pp. 313-316) should be read in full; it was intended to apply to Chinese resistance in general, not solely to the Red armies.

> The fundamental idea in our strategy [Peng then stated] must be to realize a war of maneuver and of annihilation. That is, we must decisively destroy small units of the enemy. We must chop every advance into pieces as it thrusts forward. . . . In general, we must avoid formal positional warfare wherever it is possible to maneuver. . . . Of course, there must be positional defense of large cities, but the position in the defense plans should be by *points* and not by a *line*—that is, we must hold our stationary points but not the line between them, which we defend by maneuvering in that area, and by annihilating parties of attack. . . . Defense by points instead of by a line makes it possible to use a small force to attract a big force of the enemy; thus a minority can force the enemy to deploy big forces around it, thereby making it impossible to use these forces elsewhere; thus the enemy cannot utilize its men efficiently.

Less than five months later Peng Teh-huai was applying the tactics outlined in this statement to the fighting in the mountain passes of northern Shansi. These months also spanned the period of Mrs. Wales's stay in Yenan—a period in which the launching of Japan's invasion placed the finishing touches on the Kuomintang-Communist united front. Her book, however, is much more than a commentary on the events of the crucial summer of 1937. It is a companion volume to "Red Star over China," and equally indispensable to students of the Chinese Communist movement. Using the technique employed by her husband, she has extensively supplemented that premier study of Red China. Chu Teh, for example, had not yet reached Shensi at the time of Edgar Snow's visit. From this senior Red commander, Nym Wales obtained both the story of his life and a detailed history of the Kuomintang-Communist military struggle in the south from 1927 to 1934. Mao Tse-tung and Lo Fu contribute an analysis of the class structure of Chinese society, as well as a description of the stages of the Chinese revolution since the Taiping rebellion. Most of these sections, which are of the greatest scholarly value, offer slight quarter to the reader. Lighter touches are supplied in the dramatic story of Nym Wales's escape from the Sian police, in the intimate details of life at Yenan, and in the biographies—of both leaders and the rank and file—which stud her pages. The biographical data are classified in an appendix which summarizes the provincial, class, and educational backgrounds of seventy Chinese Communist leaders.

James Bertram's path momentarily crossed that of Nym Wales at Sian in September, 1937, when he was entering and she was leaving the former Soviet region. By early October he had reached Yenan, now the capital of a newly established "special district" waging war on Japan in cooperation with the Chinese central authorities. His remarkable interviews with Mao Tse-tung at this time are concerned almost entirely with the practical aspects and the future perspectives of the war. The military commanders were at the front; after nearly a month at Yenan, the life and atmosphere of which are subtly communicated, Bertram passed over into Shansi—traveling on pony through the loess highlands cross-country to the Yellow River. His first sight of the war in Shansi was depressing. Chinese troops were falling back along dusty, crowded roads, after a strong and temporarily promising defense of Taiyuan, the provincial capital, had finally collapsed.

At the Eighth Route Army headquarters, Chu Teh and the other commanders were calmly laying plans for eventual nullification of the Japanese victory. Organization of the local population had started, partisan forces were already active, units of the Eighth Army controlled strategic points, the Japanese lines of communication were under constant attack, and Japanese details were being cut to pieces. Several times Bertram sighted Japanese forces within rifle range across narrow valleys in the northern ranges; the Eighth Route Army units with which he traveled were invisible to the Japanese. The story of his experiences with Ho Lung's division, in January-February, 1938, is the most effective piece of writing that has come from the war zones in China. His book covers much more than the guerrilla warfare in Shansi, though this is its central feature. He gives a first-hand account of the reaction in Japan to the outbreak of war, of the capture

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Peiping, of Hankow when it was still China's war capital, and—on his return—of conditions in Peiping and Japan a year after the war had begun. The easy narrative style, consistently fascinating and informative, places "Unconquered" at the top of the list of books on China for sheer delight in reading.

When Bertram came out through Hankow in the spring of 1938, Edgar Ansel Mowrer was already on the ground. The latter's trip carried him, aside from an excursion to the Yellow River front, mainly to the larger cities of China's southern and central provinces. His book rounds out the material on the northwest presented by Nym Wales, Bertram, and others, and increases our all too scanty information about conditions in central government areas. Despite minor inaccuracies of fact, Mowrer's analysis is in general both sound and penetrating. His observations of Hankow, Chungking, Chengtu, and Kunming reveal a China still hampered by the legacy of the past, but increasingly a China in which the "new" supersedes the "old."

T. A. BISSON

Memoirs of Mr. Smith

UNFORGOTTEN YEARS. By Logan Pearsall Smith. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

A BOOK that angers, charms, instructs, and amuses its reader all at once does not lend itself to offhand reviewing. If Mr. Smith could be tossed off in a phrase or two doubtless he himself would have done it, for he has a knack of compression and hates to bore people almost as much as he hates to be bored. But here he has written a small volume about his twenty years or so in America and his half-century in England, about his few enthusiasms and his numerous disgusts, yet even then he leaves a good deal to conjecture. His reviewer must do the same thing.

Fortunately, however, one need waste no space in circumlocution, for Mr. Smith himself has never swerved by so much as a comma to spare the reputation of any person, including himself, among the living or the dead. Let it be said at once, then, that on page after page of this delightful book he has written himself down an unmitigated and unrepentant snob. His snobbishness takes many forms, most of them harmless and even amusing. It causes him to make careful and pointed allusion to each of the many persons of high distinction—Edith Wharton, Henry James, Henry Adams, Bernard Berenson, Bertrand Russell, James Whistler, George Santayana, Walt Whitman, Max Beerbohm—with whom he has been in one way and another associated. It makes him ridicule Quakers, evangelists, Matthew Arnold—who turns out to have been, by the way, rather a vulgarian—his father and mother, Oxford, business men, and himself as a boy and youth. Almost anyone, in fact, who believes in anything earnestly and is determined to act upon his belief Mr. Smith is likely to find at least mildly ridiculous. For he himself believes in almost nothing, and he steadily maintains the easy attitude of the spectator at life's show who asks only to be entertained. He has felt the truth, he says, of the saying that "there is no enchantment like that of disenchantment."

Mr. Smith's publishers think that they "do not exaggerate when they maintain that 'Unforgotten Years' is his most important book, not excepting 'Trivia.'" But surely Mr. Smith himself would be one of the first to maintain that he has never written a really "important" book, or has even tried to do so. Such an effort would involve a seriousness of purpose which he has elaborately disclaimed and an amount of creative energy which he seems neither to possess nor to desire. His work is about as important as a stiff little suite by Rameau, a Watteau painting, or Thomas Gray's poem about a cat playing with a bowl of goldfish. It has the same brittle charm that we find in these eighteenth-century things, but if Mr. Smith were convinced that any of it had a definite bearing upon the things that men live and die for he would undoubtedly hide his head in shame.

There is one enchantment, however, which Mr. Smith has not overcome. Like all the aesthetes from whom he stems, he is infatuated with words. Only with these "shadows of a shadow world" has he ever done, so far as the record shows, hard and serious work. But he does know words as a scholar, as an artist, one might almost say as a gentleman knows them. Whether it was his self-acknowledged snobbishness that drove him to it or some better motive, he seems to have set himself long ago to the task of writing a really distinguished prose, and in this he has not failed.

The general impression left by this brief autobiography is that of a cautious, tired, valetudinarian, and self-indulgent life. Mr. Smith congratulates himself upon getting those things that he has wanted, such as leisure, the company of celebrated persons, a modest reputation, plenty of old manuscripts, and numberless books. He says that his motto has always been that of Aristippus of Cyrene, which means in English "I have things, but I never am 'had' "—that is to say, deceived by them. And yet one is not sure of this as one lays down the book. There is a way of going through life so warily, so safely, and with such care never to give oneself away, that one is deceived and "taken in" at every step.

ODELL SHEPARD

News into Satire

THE PROFESSOR. By Rex Warner. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

AS THE headlines grow more menacing, the novelists are finding it harder and harder to compete with the newspapers for the public attention. Fact becomes more compelling than fiction, and in many cases the novelist does little more than tell the news that the papers do not see fit to print. Such recent books as Malraux's "Man's Hope" and Warner's "The Professor" are alternate versions of events that were reported on the front pages a few months earlier. Malraux is a better writer than Warner, but his superiority in this case consists partly in his sticking to the job of reporter.

Rex Warner's story repeats the pattern of events leading up to the fall of Austria—although there are points of resemblance to Czechoslovakia—too closely for one to take seriously any other moral than that inherent in the events themselves. Yet Warner uses that pattern to describe the overthrow of a different kind of country and to illustrate the futility of characters quite dissimilar to the Austrian leaders.

The story begins during a crisis in a small European democracy. A powerful enemy, which is mobilized on the border

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and keeps its planes over the threatened country, has demanded a change of government and representation in the Cabinet for its puppet party, the National Legion. Shirted terrorists roam the streets by night, committing rape and murder. The feeble coalition government turns to Professor A, a non-political man, the world's greatest authority on Sophocles, who is summoned from his classroom to accept the chancellorship. His response to the crisis is to propose a plebiscite on the question of autonomy and to formulate an Economic Plan. While he is announcing his plebiscite to the country through a disconnected microphone, the Fascists make their putsch and the invader marches in. After a brief fugue, the Professor is captured, beaten, and finally shot upon his refusal to praise the new regime.

The author uses this plot for a satire on liberal ineptitude which, if it were more skilfully done, would have its pertinence. The Professor objects to the minor deceptions necessary to solidify the country; he is too doctrinaire in his liberalism to give the order to suppress the Fascist gangs even after they have raped his son's sweetheart, assassinated the ex-Chancellor, and made an attempt on his own life; he is unwilling to arm the workers who alone might have saved the day. But Warner has not taken enough pains with his principal character to make him plausible. The Professor is no Schuschnigg, nor even a Benes, but an Oxford don, old style, with the addition of Social Democratic sympathies. The author has endowed him with a propensity to quote the Greek lyric poets and to go off on etymological disquisitions while the bombers are flying overhead, but neither this nor his senescent passion for a Garboesque Fascist spy suffices to make him more than a silhouette. Warner would be a more convincing spokesman of the people if he showed a sympathetic insight into any of his characters.

Imperfectly realized as it is, the novel has sufficient relevance to the tragic events of our day to keep the reader going in it, and there are scenes of a harassed populace into which the author does not intrude with his schoolboy pranks. At times, also, the satire achieves horror:

> In front of a window displaying gas masks a crowd of smartly dressed people had completely blocked the pavement. The masks were of different sizes, shapes, and colors. Each style was advertised by a particular name, and the Professor observed on some of the labels beneath the masks the words "Bulldog," "Sweetheart," "The Tooter," "Security," and "The Cosy Nook." The comments of the crowd were, to the Professor's mind, interesting but inappropriate to the objects on view. A young girl, dressed in pink, exclaimed fastidiously that she could not see herself looking like a pig. A military gentleman was heard to declare that what was needed was a strong hand on the helm. A young man with a beard pointed out, with some excitement, the similarities between some of the masks and the work done at a particular period by a school of Negro sculptors. But the majority of the spectators seemed chiefly interested in the ribbons, tassels, adornments, or patent fasteners with which the masks were variously equipped.

But the Communist policeman appearing miraculously in an assortment of false beards to rescue the Professor, together with the general Grade B Hollywood atmosphere, submerges what is genuine in the book.

Mr. Warner belongs to the coterie of young English writers whose leading spirit is the poet W. H. Auden, and he shares its symbols, ideas, and stock characters. Himself the author of a book of poems, Warner is, except for Christopher Isherwood, the only one of the group who so far has shown promise as a novelist. His first novel, "The Wild Goose Chase," although it was structurally less unified than "The Professor," was a much more brilliant and more veridical book. In it he used the devices of surrealism, of Kafka's fantastic novels, and of the movie thriller to sketch with a certain grotesque power the fascist state of the future. Here, however, Warner has used just enough of such machinery to destroy the narrative illusion, and too little to create a poetic equivalent of reality. What the book needs, besides some credible characters, is either more imagination or less.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

The Arab Case

THE ARAB AWAKENING: THE STORY OF THE ARAB NATIONAL MOVEMENT. By George Antonius. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

IN MANY ways this is a remarkable book. Never has the story of the origin and growth of the Arab national movement been told with such brilliance or with such a wealth of detail. That the author had to do his own digging at almost every point, since Near Eastern history is still a *tabula rasa*, only heightens his accomplishment. The story begins, as it should, with the premature and disastrous attempt at national unification under Ibrahim Pasha. Aided by Great Britain, Turkey then not only succeeded in recapturing the Arab provinces but in tightening its grip on wider areas. But Turkey's victory was a Pyrrhic one. Stimulated by the new ideas of nationalism brought by European Christian missionaries, Arab writers and poets began to dream of a cultural and linguistic rebirth; the literary roots of the new Arab nationalism are clearly traced here. Inevitably the movement began among Lebanon Christians, who were the first to come into contact with the missionaries; then it spread to Moslems; finally with the outbreak of the World War the nationalist movement developed at a dizzy tempo under the direction of British experts, for by 1916 Britain had become interested in the Arabs as a force with which to smite the Turks. The promises made to get them into the arena of war are carefully studied; no success of the desert warriors is overlooked; and we follow the movement at close range till it gallops into Damascus in the guise of Feisal's irregulars and Allenby's columns, and the Turks are swept out of the whole "fertile crescent." A shortlived Arab kingdom is then set up. The author is obviously bored with all that comes after, for after a few sallies at Great Britain for "breach of faith" he gives us a very scanty outline of developments following the Versailles settlement.

Mr. Antonius, who is now in London as secretary to the Palestine mufti delegation at the round-table conference, has had access to material not available to most contemporary students, which is to say that he brings to light some facts not generally known. He handles perfectly both English and Arabic, a rare accomplishment; having served in various British administrations for a score of years, he has had access

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to a great variety of material; being a man of the world and of great personal charm he has been able to obtain the oral testimony of many of the chief actors in the drama. Dr. Nimr Pasha told him about the early secret societies; King Hussein discussed with him the negotiations with McMahon; Feisal showed him a diary not yet published. Consequently his account of the Hussein-McMahon negotiations is fuller than any previous ones; new facts about the effects of the Arab revolt are brought to light; dramatic events, like the trial of an Egyptian officer in the Turkish army, take on a new significance; the von Stotzingen mission to Arabia to strengthen Turkish domination emerges as more important than had hitherto been supposed; above all, Mr. Antonius tells for the first time in English the story of the Hogarth message to Hussein and of the Declaration to the Seven.

It is therefore all the more unfortunate that the author's exceptional equipment is turned to the service of partisan propaganda rather than of objective historical truth. He is far too shrewd a propagandist to descend to the naive technique of the pamphleteer. Usually he accomplishes his ends with more subtle methods. The strength and cruelty of the Turkish rule he consistently underestimates; on the other hand, by limiting the study to the views of Nationalist leaders he finds it unnecessary to tell how insignificant in number the Nationalists actually were till years after the World War. The masses knew nothing of nationalism; all the Nationalist societies were composed of a few wealthy intellectuals without any mass following. Nor does the author point out that not once did the Arab Nationalists, unlike their Indian counterparts, show the slightest interest in social reform, which, after all, is the crying need of the Near East.

Facts are not very stubborn things as far as Mr. Antonius is concerned. On the contrary, they are very flexible. Those which can be utilized for his thesis are overplayed; those which are unfavorable are disregarded or at least minimized. Many pages are devoted to the Hussein-McMahon correspondence; not once, however, is McMahon's letter to the *Times* (July 23, 1937) mentioned. "I feel it my duty to state," wrote McMahon—and I feel it my duty to quote in full since Mr. Antonius disregards it—"and I do so definitely and emphatically, that it was not intended by me in giving this pledge to King Hussein to include Palestine in the area in which Arab independence was promised. I also had every reason to believe at the time that the fact that Palestine was not included in my pledge was well understood by King Hussein." Again, he gives the Declaration to the Seven but ignores the great significance of the final clause: "They [H. M. G.] are ready to consider any scheme of cooperation which does not conflict with the military operations in hand or with the political principles proclaimed by His Majesty's Government and their allies." This pledge was given seven and a half months after the Balfour Declaration. Needless to add, the role of the Arab legions in the war is consistently exaggerated, while that of the Jewish is not even mentioned.

The worst sections, however, are those dealing with Palestine. Here Mr. Antonius fails to make even an approach to accuracy. I take one paragraph (pp. 388-389) as an illustration. The Permanent Mandates Commission obtains information from a Zionist bureau in Geneva, but "there is no similar channel on the Arab side." This is not true. What about the office maintained by Emir Shakib Arslan? The commission does not use the Arab press. True; neither does it read the Hebrew press. Next statement: Arab memoranda have to be translated. True; but the members of the commission are not Elders of Zion and do not read Hebrew either. Item: Arabs do not know how to translate into English and French. They have done pretty well in the past; usually Englishmen make the translations for them—and perhaps do the writing as well. Finally: the result is that the commission's "examination of the working of the mandate reads as though it were conducted for the most part by advocates of the Zionist case." The simple fact is that the commission is charged with the task of seeing to it that the mandatory power enforces the mandate, and the mandate was drawn up for the purpose of establishing a Jewish National Home in Palestine. The commission has had to remind the government of this fact at almost every session.

ALBERT VITON

The Permanence of a Painter

THE ART OF CÉZANNE. By Albert C. Barnes and Violette de Mazia. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

GONE are the days when, as George Moore relates, Roger Fry lectured about some pictures he had seen in a town called Aix, and disciples swarmed around the banner of the Provençal master, and the people went about crying: Cézanna! Cézanna! They were a part of the now almost fabulous pre-war world. The standards to which disciples flock at the present time are other than Cézanne's. Very different acclamations and ascriptions of praise resound beneath the sky. And still books about the world-forsaking painter continue to multiply. His artistic influence persists in Picasso, Matisse, Soutine, Utrillo, quite as much as in the academy which bases itself upon his work and annually crowds gallery walls with meaningless patterns of Cézannesque planes, block-like volumes, and senseless distortions. From the point of view of capital investment, too, his paintings remain more desirable than fine gold. Nor is the enduring, nay, ever-increasing interest in them mainly to be ascribed to the maneuvers of dealers and persons unconsciously motivated by the wish to maintain their commercial value. The reason lies elsewhere.

Moore, for one, ironically discovered it in the world's weariness of representative art. Sarcastically he wrote, "The mind creates, the substance is but a fable, and no longer shall we paint the poor poppy of the field or garden but the archetypal poppy which is in heaven." But a more satisfactory explanation reaches us through the pages of Dr. Barnes's and Miss de Mazia's excellent new study. The penetrating volume provides a comprehensive account not only of the origins of Cézanne's form and technique in the traditions; of his characteristic exploitations of color and light, line and space; of the evolution of his form and technique in landscape, still-life, and figure-painting and in the water colors; but also of their total and profound influence on contemporary painting. It presents a fine appreciation of Cézanne's art, and while defining its great limitations, plainly suggests the prime source of our fascination—its overwhelming symbolism of the stability of things.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cézanne's form, these learned collaborators affirm, is architectonic. And his style is monumental. "Not in the representative sense, of course: no one ever employed less pretentious subject matter, or more completely avoided associations of grandiosity. Even his landscapes do not directly convey, as do those of Claude Lorrain, any convincing suggestion of illimitable space or towering natural majesty. . . . This architectural and monumental aspect appears even in his small still-lifes and figure pieces, which are never conceived in terms that would emphasize the qualities of intimacy or charm." It was that the man's feeling comprehended above everything else the power of things. What he perceived was "the qualities which can make the simplest material object seem massive, immovable, and immutable. . . . Only what was permanent and essential . . . basic structure unaffected by momentary circumstances . . . finally found a place in his mind and work." The colorfulness of nature revealed its forms and architecture to him; and ingeniously he merged "these abstractions of the essentials of objects in harmonious, highly individual total designs."

Only, unlike Michelangelo, Tintoretto, El Greco—and for that matter our own John Marin—Cézanne perceived a power different from that which informs active movement. His monumental forms give the impression not so much of motion as of the power to resist it. "They are intensely dynamic and full of drama; but in his successful work the operative forces are always brought into equilibrium, and the drama is that of thrust met and stabilized by counterthrust, not of energy unleashed and set in motion. . . . His most characteristic compositional arrangement is that of the stablest of all architectural structures, the pyramid." And his natural symbols for the most part are static objects such as rocks, houses, and trees rather more than human and animal limbs, "and all in all his compositions suggest not whirlwinds but mountains." What they represent, majestically, with weight, mass, and the rich relations of color, indeed is a pure intuition of nature from the depths of the personality and related to that of nearly all men who have come into this world "a little conservative" or live in constant connection with the soil. It is the serene feeling not so much of fixity as of a fundamental firmness; thus an invaluable counterpoise to that of our own unbalanced and uprooted time. PAUL ROSENFELD

The Three Chamberlains

THE MAN WHO MADE THE PEACE: NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. By Stuart Hodgson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

THE CHAMBERLAIN TRADITION. By Sir Charles Petrie. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

NO, HE did not make the peace, and he does not represent the Chamberlain tradition but the Lord North tradition. The judgment of the independent public on both sides of the Atlantic on Neville Chamberlain and his politics has been more and more outspoken and sweeping. Therefore the friends of the English government, in the attempt to controvert the world movement against Neville Chamberlain and the other men of Munich, have begun to publish apologetics for Chamberlain. Here are two examples.

Whereas Hodgson gives an ordinary biography of his hero, Petrie chooses a cleverer method. He combines three lives within one volume, those of Joseph Chamberlain, the father, of Austen, the half-brother of our Chamberlain, and of Neville himself. But it is clear that the dead Joseph and Austen have been incommoded only in order to prove the so-called unity of the Chamberlain tradition and to arrange for Neville an honorable series of predecessors. Petrie entered the Temple of Memory which history has built for the great Joseph and the noble Austen; he put Neville's umbrella into a dark corner and wrote his book.

What was the real Chamberlain tradition? Joseph and Austen were imperialists and certainly no friends of socialism. But both were ready at any time to fight for the honor and interests of England, and both hated any form of despotism. After Hitler came to power no one in England spoke sterner or stronger words against the Nazis than Austen Chamberlain. On April 13, 1933, he said in the House of Commons:

> What is this new spirit of German nationalism? The worst of the all-Prussian imperialism, with an added savagery, a racial pride, an exclusiveness which cannot allow to any fellow-subject not of "pure Nordic birth" equality of rights and citizenship within the nation to which he belongs. Are you going to discuss revision [of the peace treaty] with a government like that? . . . Europe is menaced and Germany is afflicted by this narrow, exclusive, aggressive spirit, by which it is a crime to be in favor of peace and a crime to be a Jew. That is not a Germany to which we can afford to make concessions.

On March 8, 1934, Austen Chamberlain said at a meeting at the Mayfair Hotel in London:

> I loathe persecution with my whole being. It is because of that hatred of persecution which is in the blood of all my countrymen that England stands where she does. Take that away and what remains of the greatness, the might, of the British Empire?

Here speaks the real Chamberlain tradition. But in Petrie's book one seeks such citations in vain. If Austen were alive today no fraternal consideration would hinder him from telling the English nation the truth about Munich. Petrie's description of Joseph cannot wholly efface the well-known features of the stormy tribune of the people. Petrie is compelled to print again the famous question that Joseph asked the British capitalists—what "ransom" they would be ready to pay for their security, that is, how many social reforms they were willing to concede to the masses in order to retain their property. Joseph Chamberlain also said that all the monopolies which are sustained by the state ought to be in the hands of the people. But what is Neville's attitude toward the economic and social problems of our time? He hates not only socialism but anything that would resemble a New Deal. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he nipped in the bud any proposal which might have opened a path toward planned economy.

Neville is the most orthodox representative in England today of the so-called Liberal economic system. He believes in old-fashioned private property and fears only one danger, an economic earthquake which would shatter the foundations of private property. Neville is the friend of the dictators because he regards them as his allies in the fight against labor and democracy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A pro-Chamberlain book might be valuable if it gave the reader an honest and detailed description of Neville's position, of his economic and social conservatism, and of his corresponding attitude toward foreign politics. But these books do not even perform this service. They tell us that Neville likes children and birds, that he is a good husband, that he has a "heart," that he hates war; and many other things of the same nature. Both authors praise Neville Chamberlain as the champion of peace, but does he really hate war? If you go not only by his words but also by his deeds, the conclusion must be different. Certainly Chamberlain does not hate the Spanish war as long as Franco wins. Every effort to achieve a real and lasting peace in Europe by means of collective security has been hampered by Chamberlain. For Neville only hates wars which could destroy the power of the dictators; he has no such attitude toward wars which strengthen fascism. He won at Munich; he won at Barcelona. It is ridiculous to assume that his work to build an anti-labor and fascist Europe can mean either progress or peace.

There is much resemblance between Neville Chamberlain and Lord North of unholy memory. Lord North, surrounded by a gang of aristocratic politicians and stock-jobbers, was able to retain the confidence of both houses of Parliament by means of manipulated majorities and an all-powerful party machine. He despised the protests of all the progressive and honest men of England. He named himself the man of peace and law, but he bowed before the despots of the European continent and trampled on the privileges of his own people and of the colonists in America.

History has given its judgment on North, and it will give the same judgment on Neville Chamberlain in spite of all the Petries and the Hodgsons. ARTHUR ROSENBERG

A Boy's Best Pal

FROST FLOWER. By Helen Hull. Coward-McCann. $2.50.
YOKE OF STARS. By Frances Frost. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

MISS HULL'S novel tells of a suburban housewife who, in the midst of her pleasant suburban life, is confronted with the ghost of a past sin. Miss Hull's gift, however, is not a considered treatment of the nature or consequence of sin, but a presentation of family life in its lighter and prettier aspects. This she does admirably, with countless recognizable details about a growing boy, an adolescent girl, a dignified and humorous grandpa who isn't quite sure his children want him around. Miss Frost has attempted something more momentous and certainly far more troublesome—the portrait of the artist in a work of fiction. Her heroine is a composer and pianist. She lived with music from an early age; she is obsessed with it in her maturity; she forgets sleep, food, personal discomfort in her work. All this is well enough, but being a woman she must be not only a musician but a wife and mother—in this case also a daughter. A hard job, but Miss Frost presents her as being fully equal to it; and since the novel is written with keen observation and sincerity, the reader is not disposed to doubt too much.

At one point Miss Hull and Miss Frost are sisters. The mothers in their stories are the most forbearing, prettiest-tempered, most understanding mothers that ever walked through the pages of fiction. The composer may be ever so deep in a score, but she is not disturbed by noise, interruption, childish questions, or the necessity of cooking dinner. The suburban lady, distressed as she is by various perplexing problems, has time not only for her own son's little troubles but for those of his girl friend, whose parents are divorced. Both mothers perfectly understand their daughters newly come to love, both offer the most expert advice or forbear to give any advice at all, whichever the occasion calls for. Neither ever becomes exasperated, smacks little Johnnie one on the ear, or says anything remotely resembling: "For heaven's sake, can't I have a little peace!"

This picture of the perfect mother indicates how clearly fiction reflects the public interests of novel readers. The education, care, and feeding of the child are in the wind. In novels we have the perfect mother. Her children Tell Her Everything, and choose her as a companion before all others.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

General Lafayette

LAFAYETTE. By W. E. Woodward. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.

IN A popular biography "the style is the book." The facts of Lafayette's career are hazily familiar to all. We have heard since childhood of his services in the War of Independence. We know that he played a prominent part in the early stages of the French Revolution. Then a long misty period: his imprisonment in Austrian jails, his opposition to Napoleon and the restored Bourbons. He emerges into sunlight again for the magnificent reception that this grateful country gave him in 1824-25. His influence and popularity had a last brief flare in 1830. He was "Washington's adopted son," the friend of Jefferson, and "the Hero of Two Worlds." Finally, we all know—except Andreas Latzko—that Pershing did not say, "Lafayette, we are here!" Mr. Woodward's book is neither historical research nor political philosophy. It is an easy narrative for Tired Business Men. It might be entitled "Meet General Lafayette."

No pundit, this Mr. Woodward of ours; no Dryasdust, no fanatic. The tone is that of a pleasant fireside chat. The pages are sprinkled with felicities such as "whatever-you-call-it" and "or what-have-you?" This is not a bad idiom *per se.* I do not believe that talent or even culture can be reduced to matters of verbal *étiquette.* In a genuine democracy one word is just as good as another, and probably a darn sight better. I presume that Milton, Gibbon, and Hegel might, with some profit, be translated into Ring Lardnerese. There is, however, a fundamental weakness about Mr. Woodward's use of the vernacular. It babbles so pleasantly that the effect is slightly hypnotic.

Mr. Woodward shows a scrupulous, but apparently effortless, avoidance of anything highbrow. His summing up of Rousseau is perhaps saner than Irving Babbitt's, and it has the merit of simplicity: "What was the matter with that man? I am sure I do not know, and I am describing him here simply for the reason that his writings had so much influence in France." Only Voltaire at his most Voltairean could do

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

justice to Mr. Woodward's account of Voltaire's philosophy. All the historical preconceptions in the book are those of the Man in the Pullman Smoker. Back of the author's indulgent sympathy for Lafayette there lurks the honest-to-goodness American conviction that all Frenchmen are absurd creatures anyway: dancing masters, play-actors, men milliners, posturing, gesticulating, kissing ladies' hands—the wholesome *Weltanschauung* of Mark Twain and Will Rogers. (There is a trace of this philosophy of history in Crane Brinton's contention that Lafayette came to fight for American independence because he was an awkward dancer.)

The most consistent quality of homespun common sense is inconsistency. Mr. Woodward, who denounces the "fuzziness" of Lafayette's thought, is himself a chaos of clear ideas. If Lafayette definitely makes up his mind, he is "hasty," "unpractical," an "idealist." If he examines and weighs the difficulties of his political course, and attempts to adjust them, he is "undecided," a "straddler," "fuzzy." But as common sense has decreed the infallibility of the Founders, Mr. Woodward does not call Washington a straddler for condemning slavery and making no attempt to have it suppressed. Apparently, Mr. Woodward would have liked Lafayette at the same time to preserve the Ancient Regime entire ("Never pull down an old house until you have built a new one on the same site," saith Common Sense), and also to make himself the Washington of a great and glorious republic like ours. But whichever course Lafayette had taken, it would inevitably have been wrong; for fifty million Frenchmen (twenty-four in those days) cannot possibly be right. For instance, Mr. Woodward considers as particularly foolish the provision whereby members of the Assembly were not eligible as Cabinet ministers. Foolish or not, the same rule prevails with us, and has not yet wrecked our government.

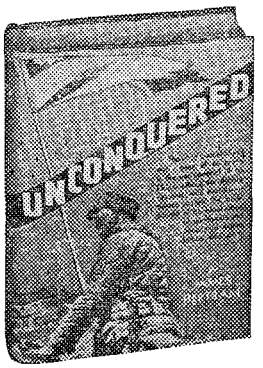
On the jacket the author professes to like and admire Lafayette, but at every turn he adopts a patronizing tone. He condemns in the same breath the reactionaries, the revolutionaries, and the moderates like Lafayette—who had their way after a century of turmoil. He believes in rigid determinism, yet lavishly distributes blame for "mistakes" which altered the course of events. He reproaches the French Revolution—and by implication the American Revolution as well—for being liberal, bourgeois, capitalistic, indifferent to the fate of the masses, as though Marxism pure and undefiled had been available in 1789; and I should be very much surprised if he were ready to commit himself to Marxism in 1938. Genuine historians may, in my opinion, be more definitely wrong than Mr. Woodward. But it is the kind of wrongness that can be checked and discussed. Mr. Woodward provides the uncertain light in which anything may happen—especially accidents.

I have no personal quarrel with Mr. Woodward: his book reveals him as a shrewd and likable man. I have no quarrel with the Average Man, whom Mr. Woodward chooses to impersonate. The Average Man is my boss, and I must submit, not without inner protest. But there are a few fields which we could keep free from the ubiquitous and cheerful tyranny of the Average Man. Not live politics or present history, alas, that is his chosen domain. But dead politics, or past history. History is a graveyard: let us make that graveyard safe for serious thought.

ALBERT GUERARD

"China may lose every battle but the last..."

UNCONQUERED



By
JAMES BERTRAM

"A magnificent piece of work—the best story of the war in China I have seen. It is to me vivid and exciting and, what is more, the truth about the war as no formal reports or general analysis can give the truth."
—NATHANIEL PEFFER

"The best book that has been written about wartime China . . . the most fascinating travel book about China that I have ever read."
—CARL CROW

"A great help to any one who wants to know what goes on in China beyond the Japanese censorship and the precariously held Japanese lines of communication."
—RODNEY GILBERT

Illustrated $3.00

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY, NEW YORK

"Something is rotten in Denmark!"

RATS IN THE LARDER

By JOACHIM JOESTEN

Exploding the popular conception of a Utopian Scandinavia, this book shows how Nazi Germany has moved bodily into Denmark and attained economic and military dominance without benefit of headlines or saber-rattling. It reveals the new Nazi technique in detail. It gives names and facts for the first time. It pulls none of its punches. Most important, it spotlights the vital strategic importance of Denmark to the democracies of the world. *"Rats in the Larder* is a sharp and lucid exposition of Denmark's perilous position today . . . revealing the extent of German influence in Denmark, from trade treaties and defense measures to Nazi organizations already on Danish soil."—*N. Y. Times.* At all bookstores. $2.50

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS - 2 W. 45th St., N.Y.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAMA

Unpleasant Play

LILLIAN HELLMAN is, I believe, the author of only three produced plays. Were she author of a dozen our expectations when a new one is announced could hardly be more definite, and nothing about her work is more remarkable than the fact that her manner seemed clearly defined in the very first of her works. Before the curtain rose on "The Little Foxes," her new drama at the National Theater, one was perfectly sure that the writing would be shrewd, taut, and biting. One was also sure that the situation, the characters, and the catastrophe would all be—there are no other words for it—thoroughly unpleasant. Miss Hellman seems always to begin with a group of hateful persons and always to proceed by putting them through their hateful paces. She spares us nothing and even in her conclusions makes no concession to human weakness. Virtue never triumphs, and neither does wickedness ever get it in the neck. The curtain always goes down upon wrong in the saddle, riding hard. There are, to be sure, a few good or at least harmless persons in her plays, but their artistic function is clear and single. They are there purely to serve as victims. The spectacle of Greek meeting Greek or of dog eating dog is not painful enough. The wolf must have a lamb to devour, the serpent a dove to fascinate. Thus the wisdom of the Gnostics is reversed. Good has to exist because without it evil could not make clear its own nature.

In "The Children's Hour," which was the first and so far at least the best of Miss Hellman's plays, the study of malice working in the soul of a fiendishly corrupt child seemed to be presented purely for its own sake. In "The Little Foxes," as in her second and least successful piece, there is some attempt to suggest that the wickedness of all the principal characters is somehow connected with the social system, and we are asked to contemplate it not merely as a beautiful specimen of flourishing corruption, a sort of flower of evil, but also as a malignant ulcer interesting for its diagnostic value no less than in and for itself. The two brothers and a sister who dominate the play exhibit various minor vices, including a sadism which leads one of them to maltreat his wife and to love a son who beats horses, but it is acquisitiveness which dominates them and leads them to delight in attempts to swindle one another whenever it so happens that they are not united for the moment in an effort to swindle outsiders or to terrify the weak. But for all this, the moral is not especially clear, and the ringing determination to battle against "all this" which is proclaimed at the very end by the feeblest of the personages is not very convincing; so that what one is really driven back upon is again whatever satisfaction can be obtained from the contemplation of unadulterated meanness and villainy wholly triumphant. The fact that one tolerates the play, that, indeed, it is as tense as it is disagreeable, implies no small tribute to the skill of the writer, whose gift for vivid characterization is superb and whose technique seems not only expert but rather different from that of most of her fellows, partly, I think, because it is a good deal like the technique of Ibsen. If "The Little Foxes" seems less nearly perfect than "The Children's Hour," it seems so because it is less inevitable in its development and occasionally more melodramatic in its action than it should be, presenting characters rather more subtly conceived than the story in which they figure. But Miss Hellman indubitably possesses the Ancient Mariner's gift—one stays in one's seat because one cannot choose but hear. Miss Tallulah Bankhead, who plays the part of the most deeply villainous of a villainous crowd, was greeted rapturously by a large company of admirers anxious to see how she would acquit herself in the role of a woman older as well as less sympathetic than those she usually interprets. Miss Bankhead acquitted herself very well, but I am not sure that first place ought not to be given to Patricia Collinge, who is brilliant as the half-hysterical wife of one of the brothers.

An evening spent with "The Little Foxes" might well put one in exactly the right mood for "Mrs. O'Brien Entertains," a singularly cheerful, innocent, and simple-minded farce-comedy which George Abbott has staged at the Lyceum Theater. The scene is New York in 1848, and the story is concerned with a lively old Irishman who nearly drives his daughter to distraction by his insistence upon making her home a free hotel for Irish immigrants until such time as he can marry them off—preferably to Germans, Italians, or Poles. The theme, obviously, is racial tolerance, and the moral, as more than one reviewer has complained, is as simple as the moral of "Abie's Irish Rose." Nevertheless, "Mrs.

A famous scientist surveys the modern world

The MARXIST PHILOSOPHY and the SCIENCES

By J.B.S. Haldane

SCIENCE is no longer locked up in the laboratory; its forces are reshaping the world. In this book Professor Haldane reexamines the findings of biology, chemistry and the whole body of modern science. His conclusions will challenge the attention of every reader who is concerned with the processes of history. 214 pages, $2.00.

Random House
20 E. 57 St., New York

2ND PRINTING!
SIROCCO
AND OTHER STORIES
by Ralph Bates
"Superb characterizations. Bates' Spanish Civil War stories are better than Hemingway's."—TIME.
388 pages, $2.50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

O'Brien Entertains" is a good deal more lively as well as a good deal better written than Miss Nichols's masterpiece, and it has the advantage of that liveliness which Mr. Abbott seldom fails to give a comedy that he directs.

Less innocent but even livelier is "Stars in Your Eyes" (Majestic Theater), a musical comedy about Hollywood, notable among other things for the fact that it brings Ethel Merman and Jimmy Durante together again. Mr. Durante is still doing nothing with demoniacal energy; Miss Merman is still delivering syncopated songs with a rhythmical abandon which, in my opinion, at least, no one else can equal. Together they are more than twice as good as either by himself, and they are still further sustained by Mildred Natwick, who fits into musical comedy so perfectly that there is some danger everyone may forget her preeminence as a character actress. All in all, "Stars in Your Eyes" is as substantial and entertaining a revue as is to be seen on Broadway.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

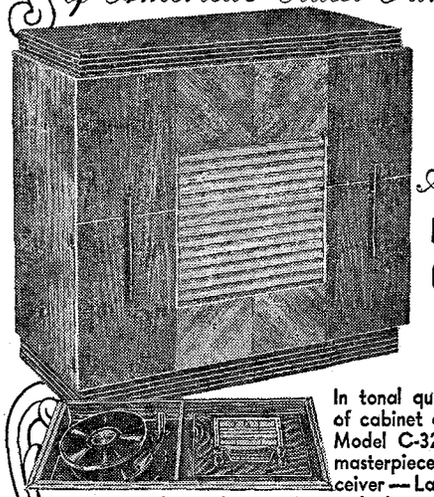
RECORDS

ONE of the finest pages of Bach is the Toccata of his Toccata and Fugue in C minor for clavier; and Maas's performance of it has been one of the finest things on records. The excellence of the playing is, for one thing, in the continuity it gives to a sequence of musical thought which is improvisatory in character; and this organic coherence, as one would expect, is also in Schnabel's performance, now issued by Victor. But where the first integrated sequence is sensitive and spaciously meditative the second has the conciseness and force that are almost uniquely Schnabel's; and this difference is to be heard in the performances of the Fugue also. The new version has the advantage of recent recording and quieter surfaces, but the disadvantage of being on two ten-inch records, with two breaks instead of one in the Fugue. With it, in the four-record set ($6.50), is the Toccata in D, which Schnabel makes more impressive for me than Landowska did recently. I have argued for playing a work in the instrumental terms in which it was conceived and written; and I am aware of what Schnabel's incisive performances of the fast movements would gain with the sharp timbres of the harpsichord; but I am aware also of what the slow movement gains, as he phrases it, with the piano's capacity for more sustained tone and more gradations of volume.

From Gamut, which recently issued the first three of Bach's Sonatas for violin and clavier excellently played by Boris Schwarz and Alice Ehlers on violin and harpsichord, comes a second volume (six records, $9) with the remaining three of the group, available until now in fine performances on violin and piano by Dubois and Maas. No. 5 is the best of the three, with its two slow movements; the others, for the most part, I find uninteresting.

Victor's "Tannhäuser" set (4½ records, $9) offers Stokowski's new recording of the Overture and Venusberg music, and on the last three sides a first recording of the Prelude to Act III. To my ears the Venusberg music from the point at

NEWEST FAVORITE
of America's Oldest Families



LAFAYETTE
Automatic
PHONO-RADIO
COMBINATION

In tonal quality and charm of cabinet design Lafayette Model C-32 is every bit a masterpiece. For both the receiver — Lafayette's 15 tube AC Superheterodyne and record changer — the Garrard fully-automatic were selected for their ability to reproduce the true fundamental tones. All the treasures of music are yours to enjoy with C-32. Favorite stations at your fingertips. Favorite operas, symphonies and dance music — whenever you wish on the automatic record-player. Yet the price for this instrument is only $159.50 (ac-dc $169.50). *Send for illustrated book, or better, visit a Lafayette showroom.*

LAFAYETTE RADIOS
100 SIXTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N. Y.
542 E. Fordham Rd. . . BRONX, N. Y. | 219 Central Ave. . . . . NEWARK, N. J.
90-08 166th Street . . . JAMAICA, L. I. | 110 Federal Street . . BOSTON, MASS.
901 W. Jackson Blvd. . CHICAGO, ILL. | 265 Peachtree Street . ATLANTA, GA.

The First Scientific Analysis
of Communist Propaganda
as carried on
in the United States

WORLD
REVOLUTIONARY
PROPAGANDA

A Chicago Study

by HAROLD D. LASSWELL and DOROTHY BLUMENSTOCK

THIS volume presents the first real study of the nature of Communist propaganda—its ideas, its techniques, and its results. The authors, two social scientists whose authority cannot be questioned, studied all the Communist propaganda directed at one city, Chicago, during the crucial period 1930-34. They offer *facts*, not emotions, with illuminating and often startling results, in a volume of basic importance to the study of social and political affairs today. $4.50

Alfred A. Knopf • Publisher • New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PAMPHLET

Latest PUBLIC AFFAIRS PAMPHLET

AMERICA AND THE REFUGEES

By Louis Adamic

Author of "MY AMERICA," "THE NATIVE'S RETURN," etc.

10¢

Can we admit more refugees? Can the quotas be changed? What becomes of refugees when they get here? How many are Jews? Louis Adamic, long a specialist in immigration problems, answers these and many other vital questions in this concise, comprehensive, unbiased view of the whole refugee problem; what America is doing about it; and what America CAN do. 32 pages illustrated with pictorial charts.

Order from PUBLIC AFFAIRS COMMITTEE, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y.

TRAVEL

SEE AMERICA IN TRANSITION

Join an R. F. L. Traveling Seminar

SEMINAR I (July 5-30) —THE SOUTH, Washington, TVA, Sharecropper Country, Harlan County.

SEMINAR II (July 1-31) —PACIFIC NORTHWEST. Bonneville, Grand Coulee, Great Inland Empire. Industrial and labor problems in Butte, Spokane, Seattle, Portland, Tacoma, Inspiring Interludes with Nature.

SEMINAR III (June 22-July 22)—THE EAST. New York City, New England, Housing, Cooperatives, Labor, Civil Liberties, Industry. Last two weeks with *Wellesley Institute for Social Progress.*

The Directors Know Their Fields. You Confer with the Leaders Who Are Rebuilding America. Modest Cost. Plan a Trip in Connection with the International Exposition in San Francisco, or the World's Fair in New York.

WRITE TO

RELIGION AND LABOR FOUNDATION

87 ORANGE STREET NEW HAVEN, CONN.

For Newspaper Clippers

A Compact, Convenient Newsclip Filing System

Here's a miniature newspaper morgue that provides you with an efficient and accessible way of preserving and using newspaper and magazine clippings. The H-J Newsclip Kit consists of gummed label slips and folders to hold the clippings you collect on each subject. It's a neat, compact and convenient reference file, and an inexpensive one. The entire H-J Newsclip Filing System may be obtained for only $1, plus 25c for packing, handling and carriage. This is the newsclip filing system that Editor Haldeman-Julius uses in his own work as author, editor and publisher. It's ideal for writers, teachers, lecturers, club workers, students, and readers in general. Full instructions with each kit. You can put the system into operation within 10 minutes after you receive your first outfit. Address: E. Haldeman-Julius, Box 1, Girard, Kansas.

NOW you may order

BOOKS

from THE NATION

At the request of many readers who reside in communities in which no bookshop has been established, *The Nation* now offers to deliver any book to your door at the regular publisher's price (postfree) providing payment is received with the order or publisher's price plus postage if sent C. O. D.

Please address your orders to

THE READERS' SERVICE DIVISION

The Nation • 20 Vesey Street • New York

which the trumpet cuts through until the end—that is, from the last third of side 4 to the end of side 6—is among Wagner's finest; the heavily Teutonic bacchanale up to that point is almost as bad as the Ride of the Valkyries; and the rest is dull. Stokowski's performance of the bacchanale is a remarkable achievement: detail is submerged in a torrent of gorgeous sound that achieves the effect Wagner did not achieve; and his handling of the other portions is also good. The recording is of present-day richness and clarity, but with power that will create noise and confusion in many phonographs.

Other major items on the February lists I am obliged to defer. Haydn's Clavier Concerto Opus 21, in a Columbia two-record set ($3.25), is a work of minor stature but of characteristic vivacity, and charming as played—on the piano this time—by Mme Roesgen-Champion with the Paris Symphony under Gaillard. On a Columbia single (75 cents) Bach's magnificent Chorale-Prelude "Komm' Gott, Schöpfer" is played, in a little too great hurry for its best effect, by Commette; on another ($1) Szigeti does a good job with the Russian Dance from "Petrouchka," the Gavotte from Prokofiev's Classical Symphony, and a Norwegian song by Lie. And on a Victor single ($1.50) Chopin's Mazurkas Opus 33, No. 2 and Opus 63, No. 1 are well done by Rosenthal.

The New York *Post's* recording of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was made by an orchestra whose playing hasn't the fine tone and precision of the orchestra that recorded Schubert's Unfinished.

Listening to the Goodman Orchestra's "My Honey's Lovin' Arms" I have become increasingly aware of the contribution made by Goodman's new drummer Schutz, whose percussion work has an extraordinary combination of qualities: great vitality and excitement, but these achieved through delicacy, subtlety, and even occasional wit, such as I cannot recall in the work of any other drummer. These qualities are outstanding in the Goodman Trio's "I Know That You Know" (Victor); and there are other good things in this performance: the work of Kirby on bass, of Goodman himself, for once even of Teddy Wilson, and the absence of Hampton's vibraphone.

The all-star "Blues" and "Blue Lou" (Victor) are undistinguished; but the Goodman Orchestra's "Bach Goes to Town" (Victor), Maxine Sullivan's "Say It with a Kiss" (Victor), and Mildred Bailey's "They Say" (Vocalion) are good; and Ellington's "Blue Light" (Brunswick) is one of his more interesting compositions. In the Kirby Band's performance of "Undecided" (Decca) are superb piano-playing by Kyle and fine work on trumpet by Shavers; the Basie Orchestra's "Panassié Stomp" and "Do You Wanna Jump" (Decca) offer delightful piano-playing by Basie; and Bobby Hackett does some sensitive playing on the cornet in "A Ghost of a Chance" (Vocalion). I have listened long to Sidney Bechet without being able to discover anything to justify the words—some of them sober, most of them not—that have been used about him. And though the groups led by Mezzrow in "Comin' On with the Come On" and Ladnier in "Weary Blues," etc. (Bluebird) under the supervision of Panassié succeed in recreating the old New Orleans style they don't succeed in creating anything in that style worth the attention of someone merely interested in music.

B. H. HAGGIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editors

Palestine Impressions

Dear Sirs: Your readers may be interested in the following excerpts from some letters written by a young American traveling in Palestine. The unresolved conflicts of British policy revealed at the Jewish-Arab conference in London are here shown in practice in Palestine itself. J. E. C.

New York, February 15

Haifa, December 19

It is almost impossible to describe my introduction to Palestine. From the boat, even before we entered the harbor, a Greek who has his business here pointed out to us the Arab quarter and the Jewish quarter; the former was dark and the latter was ablaze with light. We got off the boat, and in a small group accompanied by two members of the Palestine police, made our way slowly toward the customs. From there a friend and I got into a taxi and went screaming through the gloomy, dark Arab quarter into the Jewish one, full of life and animation. We stopped at a modest little hotel. From time to time until curfew at eleven o'clock armored trucks full of British soldiers with bayoneted guns would go roaring down the street. This morning we left the modern, new, American-like Jewish quarter and passing through the Arab part reached the central business section. The buses are Jewish-run and are protected from stones and bombs by heavy wire-netting. British soldiers are everywhere, martial law is in force, and many streets are barricaded with barbed wire. Public communication between here and the Jewish quarter stops at seven o'clock.

Jerusalem, December 24, 11.38 p.m.

In a few minutes it will be Christmas Day; half an hour ago I was in Bethlehem for the singing of carols. After the singing, which was arranged by Saint George's Cathedral, Anglican, at the Church of the Nativity, the Gospel was read in Greek at the Orthodox Chapel, Church of the Nativity, following which the Romans started in at ten o'clock and are scheduled to wind up at three.

The Church of the Nativity, which is shared by the Romans, the Greeks, and the Armenians, is barricaded with sandbags and guarded night and day by British soldiers. Inside the barrier a motorized detachment is kept and many soldiers are billeted. The carols were sung in the open courtyard in the presence of Governor General MacMichael by the St. George's choir, certain pilgrims, and other Christians (some Arabs), but mostly by His Majesty's troops, who turned out and sang heartily, the more so since some were well lubricated with lager beer. I sang too, but a little timidly because the barrel of a rifle slung over the shoulder of a Worcester guardsman was just beneath my chin. With a gun in my face, surrounded by troops, in the Church of the Nativity, which was barricaded and fortified with Lewis guns and sandbags and guarded by royal troops, I sang:

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-glorious King!"

Under such conditions, it was a little hard to imagine the manger, the Babe in swaddling clothes, Mary, and the shepherds.

Jerusalem, December 28

Today I visited a certain Jewish commune accompanied by an officer in the Royal Air Force who generally is stationed at the R. A. F. airdrome in Transjordan. I talked to him a lot. He has been borrowed from the South African Air Force, where he is a regularly commissioned officer. First of all, he told me what the British army wants in Palestine and why. There is, as you know, a very important oil pipe-line coming from Iraq, which has its outlet at Haifa. Because this line supplies the entire Mediterranean fleet, it is of vital importance to Britain. The big shots in the army would rather this pipe were guarded in case of war by Jewish soldiers belonging to a powerful Jewish state, or, lacking that, by Jews in a Palestine governed by Turkey; in short, they don't trust the Arabs, especially in view of the efforts of Germany and Italy to spread disaffection among them. For this reason the army favors the establishment of the Jewish National Home.

But Britain's interests and plans don't end with Palestine. There are the other Arab states to worry about—Iraq, Syria, Transjordan, etc. These states must, if possible, be kept friendly with England; and not only are they dead-set against the Zionist movement, but they have a tendency to listen to the ever-increasing fascist overtures. This accounts for the present fence-sitting. Officially, immigration is restricted, but refugee Jews are secretly landing in Palestine by the hundreds. Once in a while a ship, usually Greek, is caught discharging its cargo of refugees, and some Jews are arrested. This is played up in every paper in the land, and the Arabs are comforted. But the Jews keep pouring in.

The English soldiers hate the Arabs, indeed, look upon them as rats to be exterminated. I'll tell you why. Take, for example, a case which my R. A. F. friend told me of this morning. Two rookies had just arrived from England and were standing on a railway station platform. Not knowing any better they stepped into an Arab taxi. Thus they were kidnapped. When my R. A. F. friend saw them, their tongues had been cut out, their testicles had been cut off, and the flesh of their thighs had been slit with a knife about where a man's pants pockets are and had been separated from the muscle. They were still alive, enough to jerk a bit; but they died later. You can easily imagine the effect of a thing like that upon the soldiers who see it.

My R. A. F. friend has already killed some eighty-odd Arabs, "and I'll get more of 'em before I'm through here!" The British soldiers can shoot practically any Arab they like with impunity. Suppose a flier sees an Arab working in a field and kills him. The report he files is that he killed an Arab who was "acting suspiciously." The bastards, think the soldiers, might as well be dead. What's the use of putting all those damn Arab captives in a concentration camp? The camps are too full as it is.

The back of the revolt, they say, is broken. And, strange as it seems, I'm given to understand that the R. A. F. (60 officers, 800 men) had more to do with it than 20,000 troops armed with tanks, armored trucks, and Lewis guns.

During the September crisis all the military planes were sped to Egypt. There they joined hundreds of other R. A. F. planes, from other airdromes in surrounding British possessions. All were filled with every drop of petrol the tanks would hold; every tank had its bomb in place. Within three hours from the time the signal was given, the entire fleet would have been over Rome.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Inside Out

Dear Sirs: No doubt we should look for it in bad times like these, the sort of side-of-the-mouth, whacky writing that some of the tough boys of our intelligentsia are turning out. It's mildly surprising, however, to find *The Nation* giving it space. Of course, I wouldn't ask you to suppress such a fantastic piece as that of Aurel Kolnai's in *The Nation* of January 21, called Pacifism Means Suicide. I would simply send it back to him and tell him to go cool off somewhere and write it over again when he felt better. Then perhaps he wouldn't pull such a line as "Pacifism is only barbarism turned inside out." That's the sort of jeepers-creepers that you get when you've seen too many gangster pictures and feel that you have to pull down your hat brim and get yourself a double-breasted black overcoat and walk hard on the backs of your heels so that people will say, "Keep away from that bird, he's poison."

"Pacifism is only barbarism turned inside out"? Fascism is only communism turned inside out. Capitalism is only socialism turned inside out. *The Nation* is only the *Herald Tribune* turned inside out. Aurel Kolnai is only George Sokolsky turned inside out. After a few more pieces like this, yours truly will be only Mayor Frank Hague turned inside out. Doctor, come get your patient, he's running up and down the ward making nasty faces at Hitler.

MC ALISTER COLEMAN

Fairlawn, N. J., February 10

Duties on British Books

Dear Sirs: The reductions in the rates of duty levied on British books entering the United States, incorporated in the Anglo-American trade agreement, have been welcomed here by all concerned with the writing, production, and distribution of books.

It may not be known to some of your readers that all American books imported into Great Britain enter duty free. (In my own business, the annual importation runs into many thousands.) On the other hand, British books entering America are still subject to duties ranging from 7½ per cent to 20 per cent, and I feel that this tax is operating unfairly against American readers and British authors alike.

For some time I have been working for the complete abolition of the duty on books, and I should very much appreciate the hospitality of your columns to enlist the support of American readers who are interested in the abolition of this tax. WILLIAM FOYLE

London, February 8

Robert Hallowell

Dear Sirs: No genuine progressive can fail to mourn the recent death of Robert Hallowell at the premature age of fifty-two. And we believe that the significance of his life and work well merits the attention of *Nation* readers.

Mr. Hallowell was one of the founders, twenty-five years ago, of the *New Republic,* serving as treasurer and then publisher of the magazine. In 1925 he left the publishing field to carve out an entirely new career in the realm of art. He soon made a name for himself as a painter of water colors, and later of oils. His pictures are now included in a number of outstanding American collections. An exhibition of his paintings is to take place at the Reinhardt Galleries, 730 Fifth Avenue, from February 20 to March 4.

One of his best-known works is that of his friend and classmate in Harvard, 1910, the militant radical and journalist, John Reed. This portrait, done in the rare technique of oils on glass, hangs at Adams House, Cambridge.

During 1935 and 1936 Mr. Hallowell was assistant to the director of the Federal Art Project in Washington, and concentrated his energies on raising the status of American artists throughout the country and making art a living thing accessible to the people at large.

In every aspect of his work Robert Hallowell maintained an integrity of the purest sort and steadfastly refused to compromise under the pressure of either public whim or personal need. To those who knew him as a friend he was brave and tender, of quick and gentle humor, a true creator of the beautiful and a searcher after the good.

ROGER N. BALDWIN, JOHN HERLING, GRANVILLE HICKS, EDWARD E. HUNT, CORLISS LAMONT, MARGARET LAMONT, ELSIE PHILLIPS, WILBUR C. PHILLIPS, LEE SIMONSON

New York, February 12

CCC Complaint

Dear Sirs: The public is not aware that second-hand clothing, including underwear, some of it filthy, is issued to CCC members.

The system of fining men at the captain's discretion for petty offenses is unjust and tyrannical. "There is no system to it," the captain here explained, "you are fined when I say so."

These abuses should be corrected. While in theory a CCC man may complain to the captain over conditions, it does little good in most cases.

C. H.

Pittsfield, Mass., February 7

CONTRIBUTORS

MAX LERNER is professor of government at Williams College.

MILTON S. MAYER is a free-lance Chicago journalist.

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN is the author of "Czechs and Germans."

ROBERT DELL, Geneva correspondent of *The Nation* and the Manchester *Guardian,* is now lecturing in this country.

REBECCA WEST is the well-known English novelist. Her last book was "The Thinking Reed."

LOUISE BOGAN is the poetry critic of the *New Yorker.*

LOUIS KRONENBERGER is the dramatic editor of *Time.*

T. A. BISSON is the Foreign Policy Association's Far Eastern expert.

ODELL SHEPARD is the author of "Pedlar's Progress: The Life of Bronson Alcott."

PHILIP BLAIR RICE is an editor of the *Kenyon Review.*

ALBERT VITON has spent many years in Palestine.

PAUL ROSENFELD is the author of "By Way of Art."

ARTHUR ROSENBERG until the rise of Hitler was professor of history at the University of Berlin. He is now teaching at Brooklyn College.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN is the author of "Those First Affections."

ALBERT GUERARD, author of "Literature and Society," is professor of comparative and general literature at Stanford University.

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., New York. Price, 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $11. Additional Postage per year: Foreign, $1; Canadian, 50 cents. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Dramatic Index, Index to Labor Periodicals, Public Affairs Information Service. Two weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for change of address.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED